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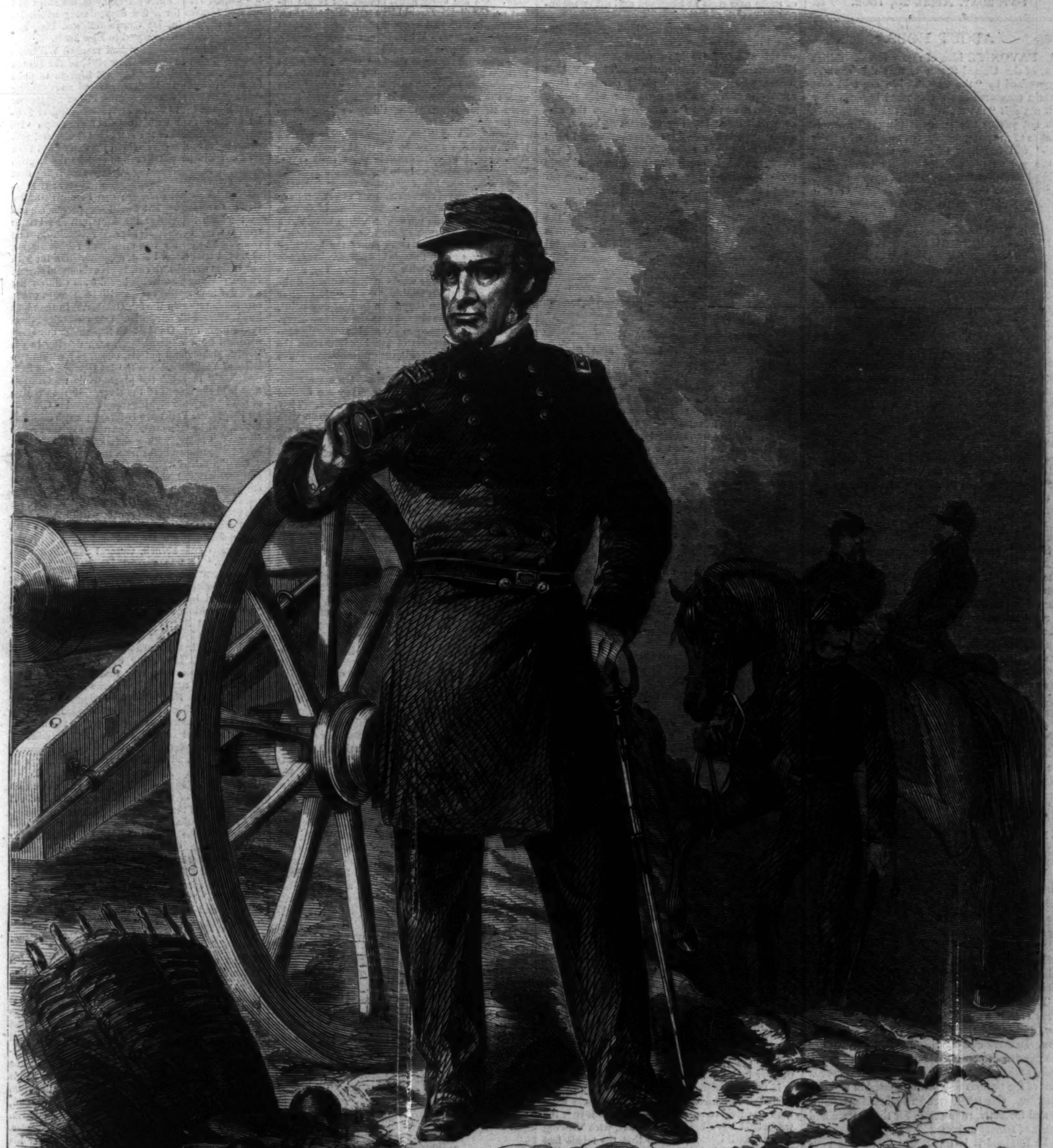


MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK IN THE FIELD, [illegible] 1862.

OUR SUCCESS.

The regular circulation of *Harper's Weekly* is now between ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE and ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND copies. Assuming that each number of the paper is read by ten persons—a moderate estimate—a million and a quarter people derive instruction and amusement from this journal. It affords us no little satisfaction to witness this success. Certainly we may say that no effort on our part has been wanting to deserve it.

Our weekly expenses for traveling artists are alone as heavy as our total outlay for artistic labor used to be when *Harper's Weekly* was first established. This outlay, however, enables us to depict, week by week, the progress of our arms along the whole circumference of the Rebellion, with a fidelity and vividness seldom equaled.

We are besides enabled to lay before our readers each week several pages of the best reading of the day, including the works of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. So remarkable a combination of artistic and literary excellences has never been presented in any journal, either in this country or abroad.

We think that this Number, for instance, will bear comparison with any number of any paper ever produced in the United States or in Europe.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 26, 1862.

ABOUT MOBS.

A FAVORITE idea of many foreign critics of the United States is that this country is governed by "the mob." We are told that certain measures can not succeed because they will not suit "the mob;" that the Government can not pursue the policy it pleases in consequence of the pressure of "the mob;" that "the mob" will not hear of peace, and hence that "the golden opportunity for compromise" is being lost; that "the mob" will not pay taxes, and therefore that public credit is ruined; that "the respectable classes" in the United States are powerless, the supreme authority being vested in "the mob."

If, when foreigners use the words "the mob," they merely mean "the people," then they are undoubtedly right in stating that in the mob in this country supreme authority is vested by law. There is no class in this country which enjoys legislative authority over its fellow-citizens by virtue of birth, or rank, or wealth. In this country no descendants of the bastard children of king's mistresses are born to make laws for the legitimate offspring of honest women. This may be our misfortune: it is undoubtedly the fact. Herein the United States differ from many foreign countries, and especially from Great Britain.

But if, when foreigners employ the words "the mob," they mean gatherings of lawless and turbulent men, unwilling to obey the mandates of the established authorities, then they are clearly in error in stating that such a class in this country exercises any appreciable control over our public policy, or is in the least feared or regarded either by the legislative or the executive branches of Government.

Such gatherings have never been seen here except at rare intervals in a few great cities. The lawless characters of which they have consisted have almost invariably been foreigners. They have never in a single instance been able to resist the power of the constituted authorities. The most remarkable mobs ever known in this country have been the Astor Place mob, which was quelled in a couple of hours by two companies of militia; the Dead Rabbit mob, which was put down by a mere demonstration without fighting; and the Municipal Police mob, which was a mere cabal, and did not disturb the peace of the city in the least. There never was an instance in this country of a mob, in the sense defined above, undertaking deliberately to resist the execution of the law, or to defy its instruments. All our mobs have grown out of petty local disputes, and have subsided on the first exhibition of purpose by the constituted authorities. An attempt was made by Fernando Wood, in 1857, to get up a mob in this city for the purpose of organizing a revolutionary resistance to the State authorities; and again, in 1860, the attempt was renewed, with the like object. On both occasions the promoters of disturbance failed signally. Even in this great city, where the "dangerous classes" are so numerous, and there are always two or three thousand loose, idle, and disorderly foreigners ready for any tumult, it has never been possible to organize any substantial resistance to the constituted authorities.

The reason is very simple. In this country every man is a maker as well as a subject of the law, and is personally responsible for its execution. In every constituency in the United States the number of persons who are interested in the preservation of law and order largely exceeds that of the persons who are interested in riot and disorder. Our system renders all citizens, jointly and severally, responsible for the welfare and peace of society at large.

In England it is different. There the governing power is confined to a small class of persons, and the benefits of government enjoyed by a still smaller class. The bulk of the British people have nothing to lose and every thing to gain by revolutionary movements. One out of every nine people in England is a pauper; and of the remaining eight only one is entitled to vote at elections. Property is in a few hands; nineteen-twentieths of the British people own nothing, and are controlled by the aristocracy and wealthy commonalty. It is easy to see that in a society thus constituted there must be two classes: the Governing Class, which rules the country and owns the property; and the rest of the people, who have neither power nor property. These latter are called in England "the mob." It likewise follows that between this "mob" and that Governing Class there must be incessant warfare. It has always been so. No ministry in England has ever pursued a policy that was in opposition to the instincts of that unrepresented, unrecognized, but terribly feared body—the British mob—without providing large bodies of troops to protect itself. The history of England during the present century is one series of mobs and riots in London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Birmingham; the sand-bags which to this day line the roof of the Bank of England, and the iron shutters which shield the windows of Apsley House, are visible evidences of the dread and respect which British mobs have inspired. At this very moment the news from England consists mainly of reports of mobs and riots at Sheffield and other manufacturing cities.

If the present civil war had broken out in England instead of the United States these mobs would undoubtedly have coerced the British Government from time to time. Those British writers who have written about our mob have merely confounded our condition with theirs, and given us credit for suffering from the disease which was familiar to them at home. A closer acquaintance with our system would have shown them that mobs, in their sense of the word, are an impossibility here; and a little more attention to passing events might have induced them profitably to compare our treatment of Dr. Russell of the *Times* with their outrage upon Haynau, and their rebellion against the Duke of Wellington with the stern calmness with which the West submitted to the removal of Frémont.

THE LOUNGER.

SHORT AND SHARP.

"When the fighting begins," said General M'Clellan in the autumn, "it will be short and sharp." He did not add, what he probably thought, that it would not begin until each side was fully prepared, so that the event must be decisive. But that is evidently the case. Every man, as he hears of the general advance, feels that we are fully ready. Nobody was seriously troubled about the result at No. 10, where the cheerful hero, Foote, told us there was "some of the most beautiful rifle practice ever seen." The siege of Yorktown is proceeding at this moment; but nobody is apprehensive of the issue, except for one reason, and that is the *Merrimac*—the very point for which no proper provision was made.

Nor can any good excuse ever be made for that negligence. The only thing that can be said is that we preferred to believe she was a failure. For ten or eleven months we knew she was preparing. In *Harper's Weekly* for Saturday, November 2, there is an admirable picture of her very much as she appeared when, four months afterward, she came out and appalled us, and the account of her construction and armament was accurate; yet we went on as if there were no *Merrimac* and no danger. Already we have paid dearly enough for our blunder; and at this moment of writing the national joy at the great Pittsburg triumph is overshadowed by the vague apprehension of mischance from the *Merrimac*. Should she steam out and push on to the relief of Yorktown by the annihilation of our boats there, she might be of signal service in checking our advance.

Yet, except for this unguarded point, the national campaign against the rebellion has proceeded according to the motto of M'Clellan. Nor at last will the wisdom of the general plan be disputed. To have attacked before we were fully prepared to annihilate resistance would have prolonged the war indefinitely. It was not enough merely to defeat the enemy in an occasional battle. It was essential to the final rout of his hopes of resistance that he should feel our overwhelming strength simultaneously at every point of his line.

For no student of the war must forget the essential difference between dealing with a foreign foe and domestic conspirators. And in this case, to say that if we had moved long ago the enemy could not have intrenched himself, is simply to beg the whole question; for the two prominent facts were that the enemy was organized before we began to organize, and he stood upon his own chosen ground. Besides, suppose that we might have driven him from Manassas or beaten him there last December—what then? Was it not cheaper in blood and money to wait until Halleck and the West were ready? And what the condition of the Western Department was as late as October we know from Frémont's report.

If the campaign had been opened at any one point last December, and before there could have been a general co-operation, the chance is that the war would have been dragged out, with varying success, until Europe insisted that the rebels had maintained their independence long enough to be acknowledged.

If a man remembers accurately how long this rebellion had been ripening, how deadly earnest the rebels were, how united, how able, how they had already poisoned the public mind of Europe in their favor, how doubtful we were, how bound hand and foot by Floyd and Toucey, that we had an army to raise and equip, a navy to build, a line of a thousand miles to hold and then push back; if he remembers this, and then considers where we are to-day—that a year ago, when Sumter fell, the nation seemed lost, and to-day when its anniversary returns the rebellion is palpably annihilated, not only in its attitude of armed resistance but in its root of treason—he will surely agree that however he may have criticised details, the general design of the campaign has been most comprehensive and overwhelming. He is a very great genius or a very great fool who thinks he could have improved it.

BEFORE YORKTOWN.

At this moment of writing, when our forces are gathered upon the peninsula before Yorktown and the rebels are assembled for their last desperate defense, it will be curious to put upon record a calculation of the chances.

Immediately following the great victory of our arms at Pittsburg, and involving the fate of the rebel capital, the battle of Yorktown must be considered as the decisive event of the rebellion. Should the national army conquer and the "Confederate" Government get upon wheels and begin to roll Southward, the conspiracy could hardly again gather force enough for any considerable blow. On the other hand, should the rebels defeat us, the disaster would be a serious check to us. The result will be known, probably, before these words are printed. What, then, are the chances?

First, as to numbers. We are probably a hundred thousand strong in the field, with a reserve at Fortress Monroe, and M'Dowell's corps within co-operating distance. The rebels are probably not more than sixty thousand at Yorktown with a reserve nearer Richmond of thirty or forty thousand.

Second, as to position. We are moving across a plain, wooded country in which the rebels have strengthened every defensible point against us. We have some gun-boats to harass them from the water side, to which they oppose heavy batteries and the chances of the *Merrimac*. The rebels have probably two, and perhaps three, lines of defense across the peninsula upon which they have had a year's time to intrench themselves.

Third, as to arms. Ours are of the best kind and variety, and most ample in number. This has been a special point with M'Clellan. The rebels are near the Tredegar works at Richmond and the factories at Norfolk, and they are doubtless better appointed here than they have been at any point, although they have always been strong in artillery. The number of guns upon either side is purely conjectural. The reports of five hundred upon the rebel fortifications are only the guesses of Baltimore sympathizers.

Fourth, as to quality of men. Ours are confident of numerical superiority. They are flushed with the glory of our incessant victories. They long to mingle the splendor of their renown with that of the Western army. They are eager and enthusiastic. They have been long and carefully trained. They believe in their leaders, and feel that their victory will secure and crown the triumph of the National cause. Moreover, they are in the enemy's country upon a peninsula. A severe repulse would inevitably end disastrously for them. In a sense their ships are burned behind them. Safety as well as honor lies only before. On the other hand, the rebels are stunned and discomfited. The last two months have overwhelmed them every where with defeat at home, and the faint hope of foreign recognition and aid has at length expired. They know that success even does not save them. They are dispirited, hopeless, uncertain. But they hate us, and they stand upon their own soil, and they believe that they are defending their hearths and their honor, and the very desperation of their situation may give them a ferocious energy.

Fifth, as to leaders. We have one directing mind, General M'Clellan. His Generals, Keyes, Porter, Heintzelman, and the rest, are worthy of the wisest chief. M'Clellan has not yet commanded in a great battle as Grant, Buell, Lyon, Siegel, Curtis, and M'Dowell have, therefore his generalship in the field upon a large scale is to be tested. Yet the strategy of the war thus far, of which he is certainly entitled to his share of the credit, has been overwhelmingly triumphant. His troops are proud of him; the country confides in him. Should he capture Richmond, every cloud of uncertainty rolls away from his name. For their side, the rebels have Jefferson Davis, Joseph Johnson, Magruder, and Lee, neither of whom is a very noted general. The great military rebel names were Sydney Johnston, Beauregard, and Leonidas Polk. Joseph Johnson is reputed to be a good soldier. Lee is certainly not. Magruder is a Captain Bobadil, but Jefferson Davis is doubtless cool and sagacious.

The comparison of chances leaves us, then, numerically and morally, superior and better led. The rebels have the advantage of position, and the arms are equal. If the rebels stand and fight in earnest, the battle must be desperate and bloody. Should it result as every loyal heart hopes and believes, the dramatic coincidence of this war with the Revolution would be remarkable. The first bloody battle of the Revolution was fought at Lexington and Concord on the 19th of April. On the same day, eighty-six years later, the first blood of this war was shed at Baltimore. At Yorktown was the success that assured the establishment of our national independence, and at Yorktown will have been won the victory which secures it forever.

YORKTOWN BEFORE.

On the 21st and 24th of August, 1781, Lafayette wrote from his camp at the Forks of York River to Washington at Philadelphia. On the 22d Lord Cornwallis, comfortably secure, wrote from Yorktown to Sir Henry Clinton at New York offering to spare him ten or twelve hundred men. Washington instructed Lafayette to prevent any escape up the peninsula which Cornwallis might attempt when the French fleet under De Grasse arrived. Accordingly troops were sent to the south of James River, and General Wayne was ready to cross it at Westover. Lafayette was meanwhile ready to move to Williamsburg and join the forces which might be landed from the French fleet.

On the 5th of September Washington left for the scene of operations and heard, on the way, of the arrival at the Capes on the 28th August of the French fleet of twenty-eight ships of the line. He immediately wrote to de Grasse that the van of the two armies would drop down the Chesapeake to co-operate with him and Lafayette. De Grasse immediately closed the mouth of the York River and landed 3300 men. At the same time James River was full of armed vessels to cover the transportation of our troops, and Wayne crossed. Cornwallis saw that his escape was cut off—strengthened his works, and sent to Sir Henry Clinton for aid.

De Grasse and a French General begged Lafayette to storm Yorktown and Gloucester. The young chief, humane as honorable, preferred to await the coming of the combined forces to secure a more bloodless, if less brilliant, victory. De Grasse, expecting the fleet of De Barras from Rhode Island, and hearing of the English fleet under Graves, off the Capes, sailed out with many of his ships and amused Graves for a few days, during which De Barras slipped in, De Grasse followed him, and Graves, outwitted, returned to New York.

Meanwhile Washington had reached Williamsburg, and sent to hasten the arrival of the French troops, while he begged General Lincoln to press forward to a junction. These troops were coming down the Chesapeake. On the 22d of September Washington heard of the arrival of Admiral Digby at New York with troops and six ships. De Grasse was afraid of the combined fleets, and proposed to leave a few vessels in the James and York rivers, while he put to sea to engage the English with the rest. Washington saw that if the fleet went Cornwallis had a chance of succor; if it remained he must surrender; and he entreated De Grasse to remain. The Count was persuaded, and by the 25th September the American and French troops were encamped near Williamsburg, and ready. The enemy was mainly at Yorktown, but also held Gloucester Point, opposite. On the 26th our troops were drawn out, twelve thousand strong. In the evening Cornwallis heard from Clinton that a fleet of twenty-three ships with 5000 troops would sail to his relief on the 5th October. In the night he abandoned his outworks. Our men seized them in the morning. On the 28th September our army marched from Williamsburg, and, driving in the British pickets and patrols, encamped within two miles of Yorktown. On the 1st October our lines completely invested the place, while De Grasse's fleet held the mouth of the river. In the evening of the 2d Tarleton and his troop crossed to Gloucester Point from Yorktown to forage; a skirmish followed, and he retreated. The next day the French General, Choisy, with a detachment of marines, cut off Gloucester Point from the rear country.

On the 6th of October General Lincoln opened our first parallel, six hundred yards from the enemy. On the 9th it was completed, and Washington fired the first gun. On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened, within three hundred yards of the works. On the night of the 14th two redoubts were stormed and carried by the Americans and French, General Hamilton commanding. It was a most brave and brilliant achievement; and it was while watching it, intensely excited, that Washington was greatly exposed, and his aid-de-camp ventured to say so. "If you think so," said Washington, gravely, "you are at liberty to step back." Just before dawn on the 16th Cornwallis tried to carry two of the batteries in our second parallel. It was a gallant dash, but the enemy was repulsed, and had spiked our guns so poorly that by evening they were all right again. Then Cornwallis's only hope was a retreat. He projected crossing to Gloucester Point and forcing his way Northward, leaving his sick and wounded. He prepared sixteen large boats, and had carried over a large number of troops when a storm scattered the boats. Success was hopeless, and he had to recross his troops in face of our fire. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th he opened a parley. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th his troops marched out and laid down their arms.

At the surrender of Yorktown we made 7073 prisoners. The loss of the British was 552, our loss about 300. Our combined army was estimated at 16,000, of whom 7000 were French, 5500 Continentals, and 3500 militia.

The best accounts of the siege and surrender are in Thacher's "Military Journal," Irving's "Washington," and Holmes's "Annals."

DAVIS'S DANGERS.

The extreme exigency which threatens the "Confederacy" will probably develop results like those which the pressure of Europe against revolutionary France produced at the close of the last century. Jefferson Davis is probably a man who knows when he is beaten; but there are men around him who will doubtless refuse to see defeat, and whom disaster will only plunge into utter recklessness. Davis's only hope of safety at home will be in running before the wind. When a man in his position and under his circumstances falls, from whatever cause, he falls into utter contempt, and, in perilous times, into danger of personal harm. To save his life, Davis must still be a leader. When Danton paused, Robespierre called for his head. If Davis delays, some man of inferior talent and more bloody will will demand that he be put out of the way.

It is not surprising, therefore, to see by the reports from Secessia that if a final blow falls upon Virginia—like the fall of Richmond, for instance—the Davis Administration will be in danger. Some great design was supposed to be preparing a month ago, and the rebel writers say: "An attack on the Administration and its men, by one of the most eminent men of the times, in Congress, is delayed until this great event fails or succeeds." Is the impending event the national annihilation upon the Yorktown peninsula, and the capture of Fortress Monroe?

So in a debate in the "Confederate Congress," "Boyce" said—is "Boyce" one of the most eminent men of the times?—"This Congress will have devolved upon it a great mission. It may be that, in the progress of this revolution, they may be compelled to save the country at all hazards and by the most startling measures." He feared that if the representatives increased their salaries—for this was the question that engaged them while their "Confederacy" was falling about their ears—they would diminish the influence which they must necessarily have in order to work out this great mission.

This implies possible depositions, dictatorships, dangers, and death. A population like that of the rebel section, ignorant, passionate, and fanatical, could be easily managed by a skillful leader, who should inflame them by insisting that it was the sloth or treachery of the Administration that had overwhelmed the hopes of human freedom and happiness which the "Confederacy" holds out to mankind. Jefferson Davis, if he has any eye to spare from Grant, Foote, Halleck, M'Clellan, Heintzelman, Frémont, Banks, and Buell, should fasten it upon "Boyce" and the other "most eminent men of the times" in his neighborhood. He and his friends must consider what answer they mean to make to the terrible question of their followers, "Why did you drag us into this scrape?"

MR. PEABODY'S GIFT.

When you go to Augsburg, where the Emperor Charles V. held the Diet, they show you the house of Anton Fugger. He was a merchant who entertained the Emperor imperially at his own house. You may see the splendid room in which he slept. There were two Fugger brothers at that time, Raimond and Anton. They lent the Emperor money when he was pressed, and he gave them the right of coining, and made them Princes of the empire. These men came of a family of famous merchants which sprang from a weaver. Their great success and consequent wealth made them powers in the state for more than two centuries. They founded at Augsburg a cabinet of antiquities, a gallery of paintings, and a botanical garden. They built a church; they bought pictures of Titian; and collected the two largest libraries of the time in Germany. Their descendants have married into and are merged in princely houses, and the name of Fugger, the German merchants, lives in history.

Of Lorenzo di Medici, the Florentine merchant, the history of his country and time is full. An English merchant, Mr. Roscoe, has made his own name famous by commemorating that of Lorenzo, and his book is still one of the most charming chapters of early modern history.

An earlier English merchant was Sir Thomas Gresham, the financial friend of Queen Elizabeth, who often made him, at his country-house, one of those famous visits which cost the host so dearly. Gresham was very rich, founded the first Royal Exchange and Gresham College, which still sustains seven courses of lectures.

Stephen Girard was an American merchant born in Bordeaux, France. He was the son of a sailor, and by thrift and skill rose to great wealth. In the war of 1812, when the Treasury wanted a loan of $5,000,000, and only $20,000 could be negotiated, Mr. Girard took the whole. When he died he left $2,000,000 to found the Girard college. The chief building is a copy of the Parthenon modified by modern exigencies. It is an institution for the benefit of white male orphans. Unluckily the fund was larger than the mind which endowed it, and no great public charity probably ever excited less interest and sympathy.

John Jacob Astor was an American merchant born in Germany, the son of a poor peasant. He came to this country just after the Revolution at the age of twenty. He accumulated the largest fortune in the country, estimated at $20,000,000, and his will gave $50,000 to the poor of Waldorf in Germany, his native village. He devoted also $400,000 for the establishment of a public library in the city of New York—nor have four hundred thousand dollars ever been more wisely expended.

These are but a few names of rich men who have erected enduring monuments to their names by making their fellow-men partners of their success. The roll is now increased by one who is not less a public benefactor than the greatest of them. Twenty-five years ago George Peabody, an American merchant born in Danvers, began business in London, and during all that time no resident of that city has been more truly respected than he. In many ways he was an American representative; and few travelers during that time but recall with pleasure the banquets and festivities with which he delighted to honor his friends and countrymen. Now, at the close of his active business career, having already founded a Library and Institute in his native Danvers, and a larger Institute and Library in Baltimore, where he lived for twenty years, the munificent American merchant devotes seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of the poor of London.

The conditions of the gift are so wise and liberal that the reader of his letter is not surprised to meet the admirable suggestion in regard to its disposition, that a portion of the fund, if not the whole, shall be applied to the building of improved lodging-houses for the poor.

Such a gift, too, comes with peculiar grace at a moment when England so causelessly and ruthlessly reviles us for not suffering our national life to be snuffed out by treason. It may be taken as the earnest of an American practically acquainted with England, that the foolish whims and jealousies which have controlled English opinion of us for a year past are essentially transitory. Let us at least accept the omen. We are not the friends we thought we were, but we need not be enemies.

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.

The Richmond correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* writes, in the middle of March: "At last accounts Jackson was falling back to Mount Jackson, forty miles from Winchester. The Yankees in the Kanawha Valley are building plank roads as fast as the enemy penetrates the country. Timber is plenty, and the Yankees fetch along plenty of portable steam saw-mills. Meantime our own roads are nearly impassable."

That is typical of the result of the war. The civilization of intelligence, skill, and steam saw-mills is conquering that of sloth, ignorance, and decay. Fifty years hence, when Virginia is taking the place which belongs to a region so peculiarly favored by climate, soil, natural irrigation, and variety of surface, and New York looks delighted upon her sister and rival, the sons and grandsons of Jackson's soldiers will look back to this year with incredulity, and confess, what Jackson and his troops deny, that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and George Mason were wiser men and better Virginians than James M. Mason, John Letcher, Roger Pryor, and Henry A. Wise.

EXIT YANCEY.

In the presence of recent events Mr. Yancey's speech at New Orleans must be a little disheartening to his friends. "The sentiment of Europe is anti-slavery; . . . . . and they will never recognize our independence until our conquering swords hang dripping over the prostrate heads of the North." The recognition must then be considered indefinitely postponed.

He also said, "It is an error to say that Cotton is King. It is not." Mr. Yancey has been a year in England, and he knows.

He added, "The chosen and the choosers [of the rebel Government] are in the same boat. The storm is raging, the wind is howling, and the waves are beating upon our bark. We have placed them [?!] at the helm. They may commit errors; but all history teaches that when there is mutiny in the crew the bark must go down." The moral is, that the only way to save New Orleans is to surrender by unanimous consent.

Having shown that the rebellion is hopeless, Mr. Yancey closed by expressing the strongest confidence in its success. It was the best course allowed by the circumstances.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A small shareholder in a small railway that yields but small returns, had his half-yearly dividend remitted to him the other day in the shape of postage-stamps. He sent back a verbal message to the secretary, stating that they were of no use to him, as he could not write; and requesting that in future the payment should be made in tobacco, as, although he could not write, he could smoke.

A lover sees his sweet-heart in every thing he looks at, just as a man bitten by a mad dog sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his drink, dogs all round him.

A contemporary has been studying phonotypy. Here is a specimen: "Wat kant be qrd must b ndurd."

Lord Cockburne, the proprietor of Bonally, was sitting on a hill-side with a shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had mair sense."

"Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it then, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other."

A gentleman who had a snuff-box that played "Drops of Brandy" and "The glasses Sparkle on the Board," went to dine with a friend a few miles out of town one Sunday, taking his box in his pocket. He accompanied the family to church, and by some accidental pressure he, about the middle of the sermon, touched the spring of the box, which struck up "Drops of Brandy." Every eye and ear was directed toward the spot, to the great dismay of the gentleman, who endeavored to stop the box, but, in doing so, only caused it to change the tune; on which he hastened out of church, the box rattling away as he hurried along the aisle.

An Old Bachelor's Maxim.—As people sprinkle the floors before they sweep them, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order to sweep the cash out of their pockets.

When the Government is afflicted, the political doctors generally apply *leeches* to its *chest*.

The Persians have a saying that "Ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine."

A country carpenter, nailing up a board to forbid vagrants trespassing, placed it with the inscription upside-down. "Beggars are accustomed to reverses," observed a passenger.

Horne Tooke returned his income at sixty pounds a year; the commissioners said they were not satisfied. Horne Tooke, in reply, stated that he had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had.

Many persons who have a raging war-fever before going into battle are apt to get the ague afterward.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing and the Advance upon Yorktown see page 262.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 8, in the Senate, several petitions in favor of the passage of a uniform bankrupt law were presented and referred. The consideration of the bill confiscating the property of rebels was resumed, when Senator Henderson, of Missouri, made a speech in opposition to the proposition. Bills regulating the pay of the navy, and confirming the act of the President in accepting the services of certain volunteer engineer corps, were introduced and referred. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution that Congress adjourn on the third Monday in May was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. The consideration of the National Tax bill was then resumed, and, all the amendments having been acted on, the bill was passed by a vote of 125 yeas to 13 nays. A joint resolution extending to officers and men in all the military departments the provisions of the act securing to officers and men in the Missouri or Western Military Department their pay, bounty, and pensions, was adopted. A bill to punish and prevent the practice of polygamy was referred to the Committee on Territories.

On Wednesday, April 9, in the Senate, petitions in favor of emancipation, and the establishment of a national armory and military department in Wisconsin, were presented and referred. The bill allowing the Attorney-General and Secretary of the interior to fix the salaries of District Attorneys, was passed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill to increase the efficiency of the Medical Department of the army. A bill making additional appropriations for the civil expenses of the Government was reported, and nearly all the Senate's amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill were agreed to. The bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia came up on its second reading, to which Mr. Vallandigham objected. The question then recurred under the rule, "Shall the bill be rejected?" which was decided in the negative, 45 against 93. The bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. The Pacific Railroad bill was taken up, and Mr. Phelps, of California, spoke in its favor.

On Thursday, April 10, in the Senate, resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, approving of the joint resolution recommended by the President, in favor of extending pecuniary aid to States desirous of emancipating their slaves, were presented. Notice was given of a bill amending the Fugitive Slave law. The bill establishing a line of steamships between San Francisco and Shanghai was taken up, and Senator Latham explained its objects. The consideration of the bill confiscating rebel property was then resumed. Senator Willey, of Virginia, offered an amendment, appropriating $5,000,000 for the colonization of negroes made free by the bill. This created a lively discussion, but no action was taken on the subject. A bill incorporating the North Pacific Railroad Company was introduced, and the Senate then went into executive session.——In the House, a resolution expressing gratitude to Almighty God for the glorious triumph of the Union arms at Island No. 10 and Pittsburg Landing, and thanking the officers, soldiers, and sailors for their gallantry and devotion in those contests, was presented by Mr. Arnold, of Illinois, and referred to the Military Committee in order that the names of all the commanding officers may be mentioned therein, as is customary in such cases. The Senate's amendments to the Naval Appropriation bill were reported back by the Ways and Means Committee. The amendments appropriating $13,000,000 for iron-clad steam vessels of war, and $788,000 for the completion of the Stevens floating battery, were agreed to. A resolution that, if the Senate concur, Congress will adjourn *sine die* on the third Monday in May, was adopted. In Committee of the Whole the bill regulating the franking privilege, the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and the resolution of the Committee on Foreign Affairs relative to neutral maritime rights, were discussed.

On Friday, April 11, in the Senate, Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill amending the Fugitive Slave Law. The bill removing all disabilities for color in carrying the mails, was passed by a vote of 24 to 11. The debate on the bill confiscating rebel property was then resumed and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia was passed by a vote of 93 to 39. The bill has now passed both Houses by a two-thirds vote.

On Monday, April 14, in the Senate, Senator Hale announced his resignation of the Chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs. The bill confiscating the property of rebels was taken up, and Senator Harris, of New York, made a speech in support of it. A resolution directing inquiry as to the expediency of providing by law for an exchange of the products of the United States with foreign countries, through our diplomatic and commercial agents, was adopted. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Speaker announced the following named members as a special committee to devise a plan for the gradual emancipation of slaves, namely: Albert S. White of Indiana, Francis P. Blair of Missouri, George P. Fisher of Delaware, William E. Lehman of Pennsylvania, Cornelius L. L. Leary of Maryland, William V. Whaley of Virginia, James F. Wilson of Iowa, Samuel L. Casey of Kentucky, and Andrew J. Clements of Tennessee. The Committee on Foreign Affairs asked to be discharged from further consideration of petitions in favor of the abrogation of the Canadian Reciprocity treaty. A resolution, calling for information respecting the alleged destruction of property in Missouri by United States troops from Kansas, was referred to the Military Committee. The consideration of the bill establishing a uniform bankrupt law was postponed till December next. The Senate resolution transferring the superintendency of the Capitol extension from the War to the Interior Department was adopted. A bill providing for the construction of a ship canal from the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan, for the transportation of war munitions, etc., and also the enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, was reported by the Military Committee.

THE LATEST FROM YORKTOWN.

At the time we close this record there is no stirring news from Yorktown. Every thing is progressing well and quietly there.

The latest news from Fortress Monroe represents every thing quiet there. The *Merrimac* has made no further movement.

THE "MERRIMAC" OUT AGAIN.

The rebel steam-ram *Merrimac* came out on 11th from her moorings off Craney Island, accompanied by her consorts, the *Jamestown*, *Yorktown*, and her convoy of tugs. She proceeded as far as a point between Newport News and Sewall's point, and made toward the *Monitor* and the small Stevens iron battery. The *Merrimac* fired only one shot, but the little Stevens battery returned with four or five, upon which the *Merrimac* and her companions returned to Craney Island. The *Yorktown* captured two brigs and a schooner which were lying near Newport News, and steamed off with them.

GENERAL MITCHELL IN ALABAMA.

Our troops have pushed as far south as Huntsville, Alabama, under General Mitchell. They took possession of that place without much resistance, and captured two hundred prisoners, fifteen locomotives, and a large amount of rolling stock. Huntsville is an important point, being situated on the main trunk line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which connects Richmond with Memphis and the other cities of the Southwest. Our possession of Huntsville cuts off all connection between the Southern Atlantic States and the West.

On the morning of 12th two expeditions were started from Huntsville by railroad. One, under Colonel Sill, of the Thirty-third Ohio, went east to Stevenson, the junction of the Chattanooga with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which point they seized, two thousand of the enemy retreating without firing a shot. Colonel Sill captured five locomotives and a large amount of rolling stock. The other expedition, under Colonel Turchin, of the Nineteenth Illinois, went west, and arrived at Decatur in time to save the railroad bridge, which was then in flames.

General Mitchell now holds one hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad—thus securing our position at Huntsville and its vicinity.

PASS CHRISTIAN OCCUPIED.

The Union troops shelled Pass Christian on the 4th inst., and landed 2400 men and twelve 4-pound howitzers. Pass Christian is situated near St. Louis Bay, within 50 miles of New Orleans. It is a port village of Harrison County, Mississippi, 13 miles from Mississippi City.

SURRENDER OF FORT PULASKI.

The Savannah *Republican* of the 12th announces the unconditional surrender of Fort Pulaski on the previous day. Seven large breaches were made in the walls by our batteries of Parrott guns at King's Landing, and all the barbette guns on that side and three casemate guns were dismounted. Three balls entered the magazine. Colonel Olmstead, the rebel commander, signaled, the day previous to the surrender, that our fire was so terrible that no human being could stand upon the parapet for even a moment.

REPORTED FALL OF FORT CRAIG.

The Richmond *Whig* publishes news from Fort Mexico, received by way of New Orleans, which professes to show that Fort Craig has fallen into the hands of rebels; Colonel Canby and his command having been compelled to make an unconditional surrender. No dates are given.

MEN AND PROPERTY CAPTURED AT ISLAND NO. 10.

The prisoners and property captured by General Pope and Commodore Foote, at and in the vicinity of Island No. 10, are summed up as follows:

Major-General	1	Privates	5500
Brigadier-Generals	3	Cannon	125
Colonels	10	Arms	10,000
Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors	15	Steamboats	10
Captains	56	Floating battery	1
Lieutenants	64	Horses and mules	2000
Second Lieutenants	84	Wagons	1000

—besides forty thousand dollars' worth of provisions, and ammunition unestimated.

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHT AT PITTSBURG.

A copy of the Richmond *Whig* of the 8th contains the following dispatches in reference to the battles in Tennessee, all bearing date on the 6th, and giving an account of the Sunday fight only:

Battle-Field of Shiloh,
Via Corinth and Chattanooga, *April* 6, 1862.

General S. Cooper, Adjutant-General,—We have this morning attacked the enemy in strong position in front of Pittsburg, and after a severe battle of ten hours, thanks to Almighty God, gained a complete victory, driving the enemy from every position.

The loss on both sides is heavy, including our Commander-in-chief, General Albert Sydney Johnston, who fell gallantly leading his troops into the thickest of the fight.

G. T. Beauregard, General Commanding.

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

The Norfolk *Day Book* contains the following dispatch from General Beauregard of the second day's fight at Pittsburg:

Corinth, Tuesday, *April* 8, 1862.

To the Secretary of War, Richmond:

We have gained a great and glorious victory. Eight to ten thousand prisoners and thirty-six pieces of cannon. Buell reinforced Grant, and we retired to our intrenchments at Corinth, which we can hold. Loss heavy on both sides.

Beauregard.

Washington, *April* 14, 1862.

In reference to Beauregard's dispatch, given above, inquiries have been made at the War Department, and we are authorized to say that the reports from Pittsburg Landing already given to the public contradict the report in the Norfolk papers. All reports received at the War Department confirm the statements that the enemy were routed and pursued as far as the previous orders of General Grant would permit, and the enemy are now shut up in Corinth.

THE EXPLOIT OF COLONEL ROBERTS.

The following is an account of the capture of a rebel battery at Island No. 10, illustrated on page 268:

Wednesday night five launches, one from each gun-boat, and carrying in all fifty seamen and soldiers, armed to the teeth, "might have been seen" a little after dark pushing out from the various gun-boats, and gathering under the shadows of the willows that fringe the Kentucky shore. Each boat had an officer in command, and the whole were in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts, of the Forty-second Illinois infantry.

The strictest silence was observed—not a whisper nor even the splash of an oar broke the stillness. At length every thing was ready, and giving themselves to the current the boats started down the stream, the oarsmen quietly giving each boat sufficient motion only to enable the steersman to it to keep close within the shadows. In this mysterious manner they departed, and speedily disappeared in the darkness.

An hour later and the solitary rebel sentry who, musket in hand, paced forward and backward along the parapet of the upper battery, had his thoughts disturbed by a remarkable appearance. He had just entered the depths of a cogitation, the main features of which probably were that Yankees were vulgar, base, low-born mud-sills; that Southerners are chivalrous, noble, knightly, superior; and that one of the latter is just an equal match for from five to twenty-five of the former, when suddenly happening to glance toward the river, his eyes caught sight of numberless black objects drifting slowly toward him, and above these dark masses were luminous points and flashes, which seemed to envelop them like a net-work of ghostly phosphorescent flame. He rubbed his eyes, looked again at these mysterious phenomena, and was about to conclude that something was abroad, when suddenly a voice was heard, "Give way!" fifty oars dropped in the water, and the dark-looking objects, with the swiftness of thought, shot straight for his position. He had only time to see that the supernatural light was the gleam of bayonets, and then to his disordered vision there appeared to be coming at him a hundred boats, each carrying a thousand Yankees. With a yell of horror he pulled off his piece in the air, and fled with the darkness, no more to be seen.

He had no more than left when the five boats struck the bank, their contents poured ashore and took possession of the battery, and guards were posted around, and their rat-tail files and sledge-hammers were brought into requisition with a success that, in the course of half an hour, effectually spiked every gun—there were seven—in the battery.

The party remained in the works about an hour, and then, without hearing a word from the enemy, returned to the fleet. The very audacity of the thing seems to have so paralyzed the rebels that they offered no opposition; or possibly the fears of the frightened sentry so magnified the Federal force that they were induced to believe that an army had effected a landing at the battery; and hence, instead of assuming the offensive, they busied themselves in preparations to repel an attack. The circumstance of the battery being entirely surrounded by water, with the exception of the gun-platforms and narrow parapet, which alone connected them with the higher banks below, prevented the rebels from keeping a large force at this place, and consequently they were in no condition to offer any effective defense.

THE "VERMONT" SAFE.

The steamship *Baltic* arrived at this port on 13th from a cruise in search of the United States ship *Vermont*. The *Baltic* came by way of Bermuda on the 8th inst., and there learned that the *Vermont* was in good condition, and had proceeded on her way to Port Royal. The steamers *Bermuda* and *Herald* were loading at Bermuda for Nassau, or with the view of running the blockade at some Southern port.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. PEABODY'S DONATION.

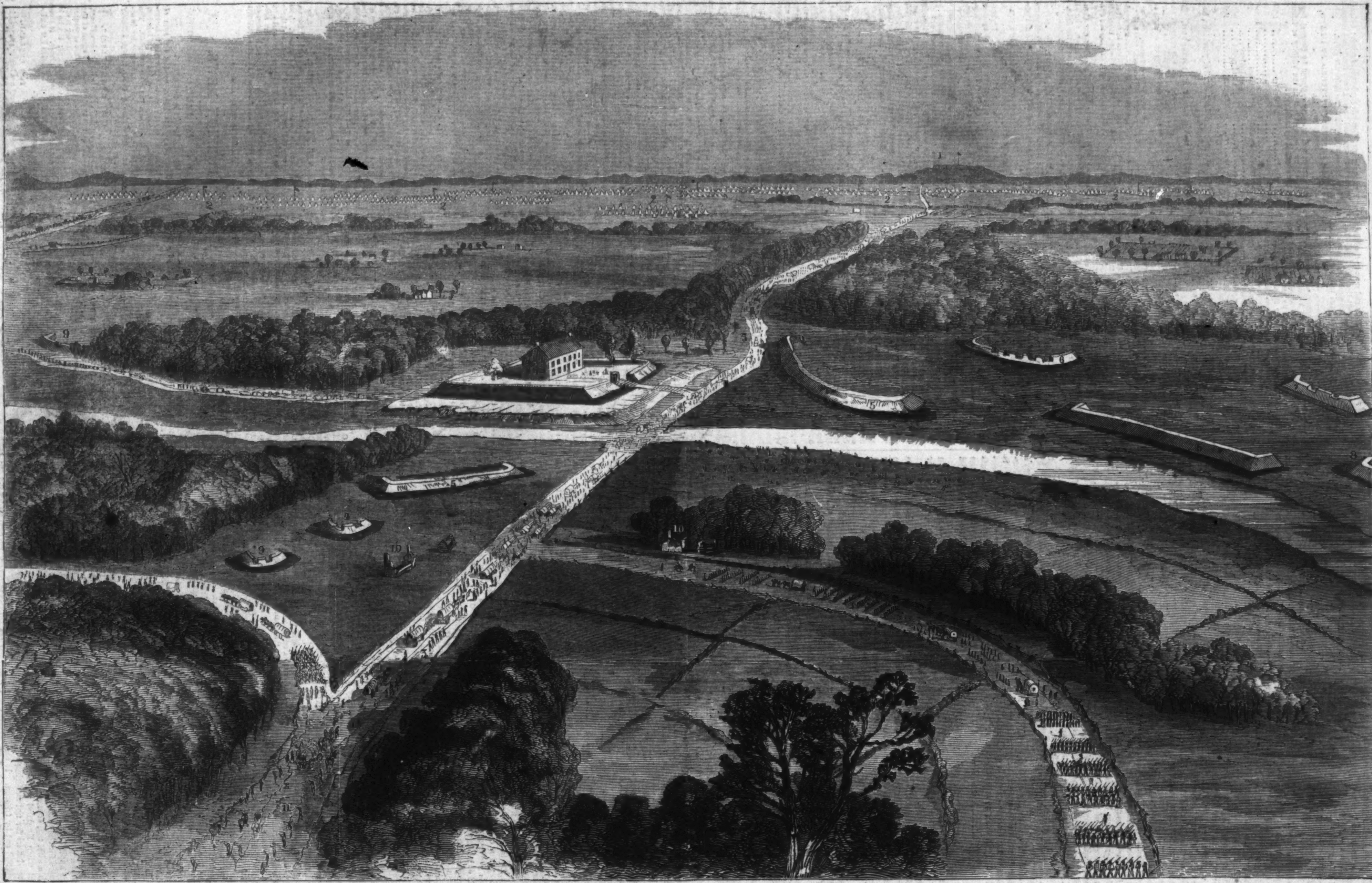
Mr. George Peabody's letter, vesting the sum of $750,000 in the hands of trustees, as a free gift, to be employed in ameliorating the condition of the poor of London, with the reply of the trustees, has been published. The Lord Mayor of London was advised to call a meeting in order to offer the thanks of the city to Mr. George Peabody for his donation to its poor.

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE REBELS.

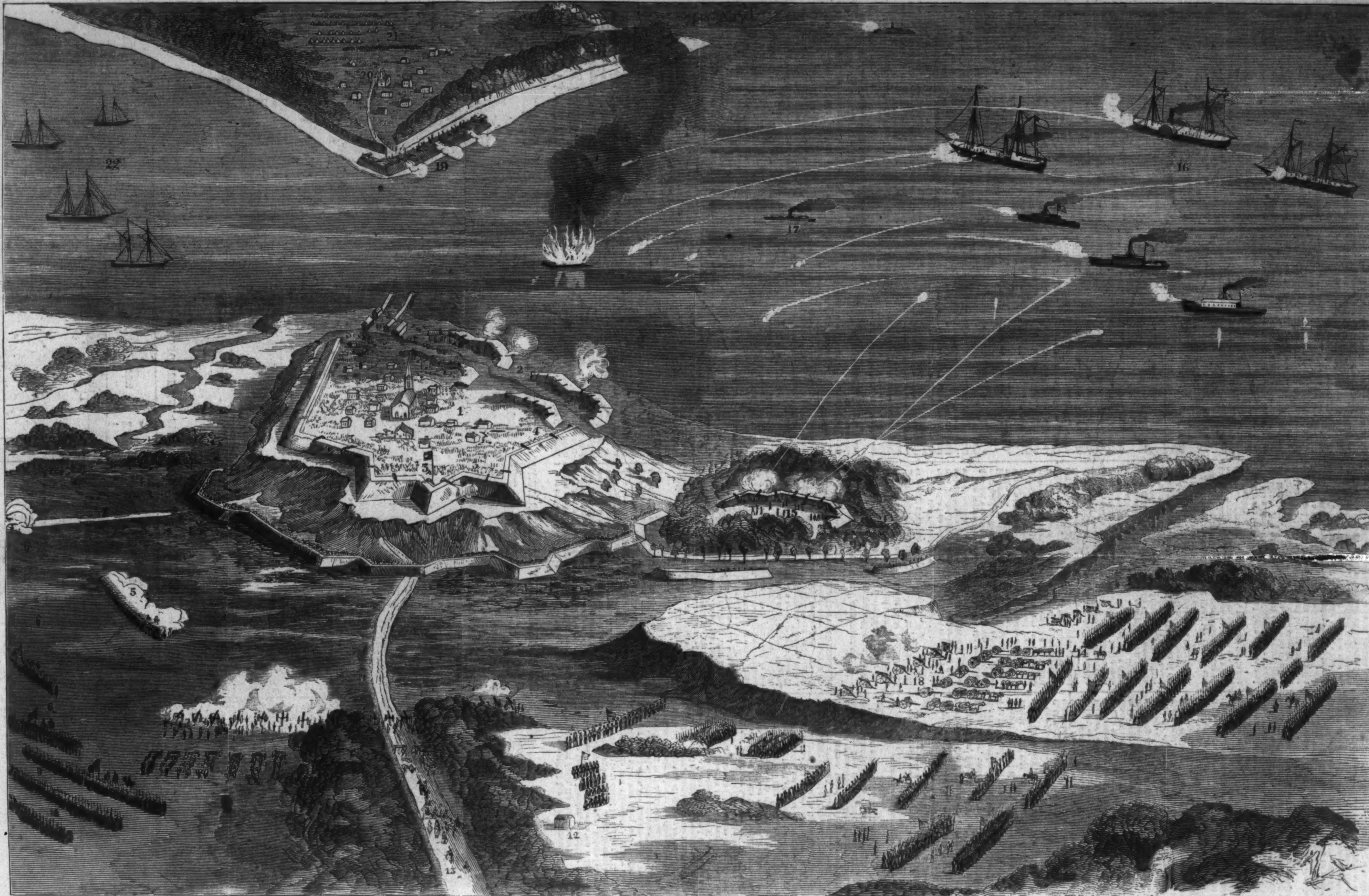
A man named Henry Hotze writes to the London *Times*, announcing himself as the sole commercial agent of the rebel States in England. He pledges himself not to assume or counterfeit consular functions till the Confederacy is officially dealt with by the British Government; but he is prepared to give every information to all comers. It thus appears that the Mason embassadorial mission has dwindled down to a commercial agency.

NO MORE WOODEN WALLS FOR ENGLAND.

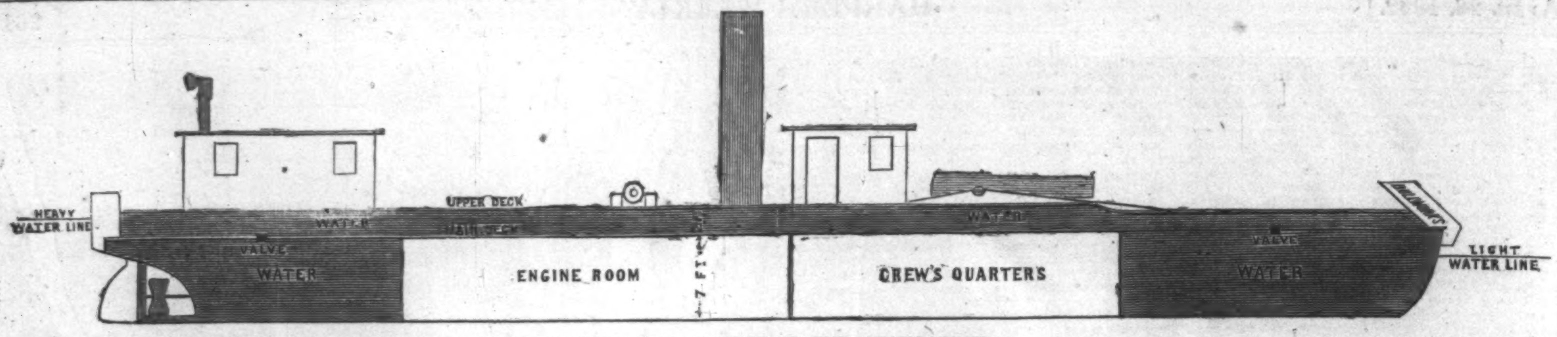
The British press and Parliament are busily engaged in discussing the question of iron-clad floating batteries and the heavy ordnance of the Americans. It is understood that orders have been issued to suspend work on wooden vessels.



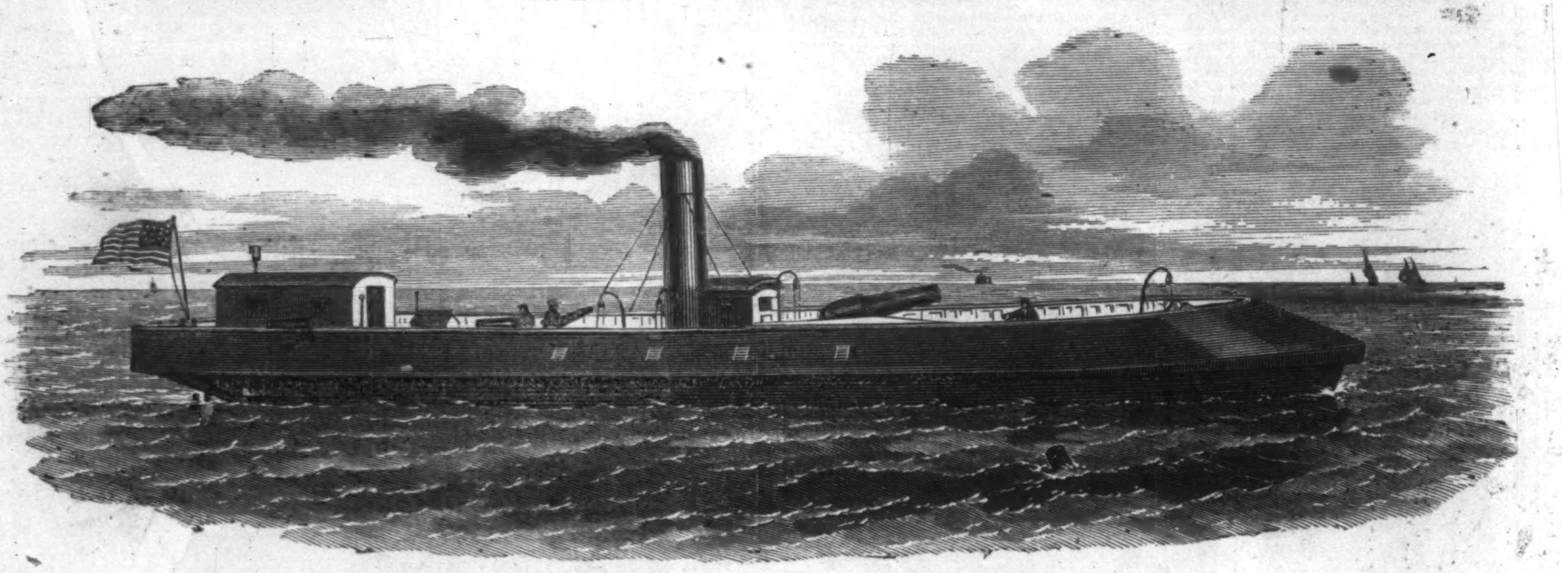
BIG BETHEL AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS, OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS, APRIL, 1862.—Sketched by an Officer of the Topographical Engineers.—[See Page 262.]—References: 1. Yorktown.—2. Camps of the Union Troops.—3. Baggage Train of Union Army on Road to Yorktown.—4. Big Bethel.—5. Embankments for Infantry.—6. Battery for four Guns.—7. Battery for two Guns.—8. Battery for two Guns.—9. Battery for two Guns.—10. Burned Farms.—11. Road from Hampton, 11 Miles.



THE FIRST DAY'S FIRING AT YORKTOWN, APRIL, 1862.—Sketched by an Officer of the Topographical Engineers.—[See Page 262.]—References.—1. Yorktown.—2. Four Batteries of 21 Guns, 32 and 42 Pounders, and Columbiads.—3. Columbiads.—4. Two Rifled Guns.—5. Infantry Attack.—6. Left Wing.—7. Road from Williamsburg.—8. Major-General Couch's Command.—9. Brigadier-General Smith's Command, three Brigades.—10. Brigadier-General Casey's Command, three Brigades.—11. General Butterfield's Advance Corps de Armée, centre.—12. Head-Quarters of Major-General M'Clellan and Staff.—13. General Sykes's Reserve Regulars, one Brigade.—14. Major-General Heintzelman's Command; Brigadier-General Porter's Advance, one Brigade; Brigadier-General Sedgwick, four Brigades; Brigadier-General Hamilton, four Brigades.—15. Masked Battery of Dahlgren Guns.—16. Seven United States Gun-boats.—17. "Naugatuck."—18. General Porter's Advance of the Right Wing.—19. Battery of 18 Guns.—20. Gloucester.—21. Rebel Regiments.—22. Rebel Vessels.—Note, General Keyes, with his Brigade, stationed on Mulberry Island.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE "NAUGATUCK."



THE STEVENS IRON STEAM GUN-BOAT "NAUGATUCK," NOW AT FORTRESS MONROE.

THE ADVANCE UPON YORKTOWN.

We devote pages 260 and 261 to illustrations of our advance upon Yorktown. On page 260 we publish a view of Great Bethel, with the Rebel Fortifications, from a sketch by an officer of the Topographical Engineers. A correspondent of the *World* thus alluded to the entry of our troops:

> Colonel Spear, with his cavalry, dashed down the road, carrying every thing before them. The two columns, having joined near Big Bethel, soon found themselves within sight of the works where the heroic Grebel fell fighting at his gun and Winthrop breathed his last cheering on his men. Finding nothing to oppose their march, they were soon inside the works of Great Bethel, and found that they were mere sand batteries, with embrasures for about sixty guns, mounting light field artillery. The enemy, at the approach of our troops, fled and carried off the guns which were there. The force behind these intrenchments was at least 1500 strong, including a company of cavalry. Our troops destroyed the works and proceeded onward to within eight miles of Yorktown. In an open field of about eight or nine hundred acres, above the Half-way House, some infantry were drawn up in line of battle. It was deemed inexpedient to bring on an engagement, and as all was accomplished that was undertaken, our troops took up their line of march toward camp.

On the following page (261) we give a picture (from a sketch by the same hand) of the First Day's Firing at Yorktown—5th April. The following account we take from the *Herald* correspondence:

> At seven o'clock A.M. the divisions left Cockletown. The order of march was the same as on the previous day, excepting that the Fourth Michigan regiment, Colonel Woodbury, led the infantry. Colonel Averill's cavalry and Berdan's Sharp-shooters kept the advance of the column. For about an hour in the march a heavy rain fell; but the troops apparently did not heed it; neither did they seem to mind the bad and muddy road, extending about three miles through a region of swamp. In some places the mud was up to the men's knees. The artillery had hard work to move on. At intervals the roads were blocked, impeding the progress of the troops. About four miles advance and the marsh was passed, and the column came into good roads, and in a cultivated and beautiful section of the country. It was inspiring to the troops.
>
> Passing by Cheeseman and Goose Creeks and Grafton Chapel, our column came in sight of the earth-works of the enemy, and York River to the right and beyond. General Heintzelman was present to direct arrangements. In the excitement soldiers forgot their weariness. It was believed a battle would soon be fought. Colonel Averill's cavalry and the Berdan Sharp-shooters kept ahead, on the vigilant look-out for rebels and masked batteries. General Porter's brigade steadily advanced toward the earth-works, although there were no supporting troops behind for some distance, and wholly ignoring the thought of the force the enemy might bring against them.
>
> The brigades were put in position. Captain Griffin's and Captain Weeden's batteries took places on the brow of a hill in face of the rebel intrenchments. On the right, in a piece of woods, lay General Morell's brigade, to support the batteries. Beyond the woods, in a peach orchard, were the Berdan Sharp-shooters; they were eight hundred yards from the intrenchments. Our artillery was fifteen hundred yards distant from the enemy. At ten o'clock the first shot was fired. It came from one of the rebel works to the right. The shot went over our field-pieces, and came near where Generals Porter and Morell and other officers were standing. It struck heavily in the sand, but did not explode. A quick response followed from Captain Weeden's battery, which brought an immediate rejoinder. This second shot, a solid one, struck one of the gunners, named Reynolds, on the right leg below the thigh. The limb was amputated; but he died fifteen minutes after the operation.
>
> A continuous firing was kept up an hour and a half; subsequently intervals of from fifteen to twenty minutes occurred between the shots. The enemy fired mainly heavy guns, from twelve to twenty-four pounders.
>
> Only four of the enemy's shells burst. Our boys did not seem to mind them much, but rather enjoyed the thing. One shot struck in the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, ricocheted, and wounded two men of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania Regiment.
>
> General Morell and staff and General Martindale and staff were in the foremost places of danger with their regiments. The Berdan Sharp-shooters made fearful havoc among the enemy's gunners, picking them off by the dozen. Colonel Berdan says they killed at least fifty of the rebels and wounded a hundred. Toward night the enemy commenced shelling them by running a gun out from behind the left end of the fort, discharging it and then dragging it in to load again, the only way they were enabled to work the gun. They tried the plan of covering the working of guns by running a plank upon the parapet, and turning it upon the edge; but they did not seem to like to trust it. The attempt at shelling was not long continued. As soon as a gunner showed himself the aim of the unerring rifle would enforce on him the propriety of retirement. At first the rebel sharp-shooters attempted to shoot our men from rifle-pits; but they found even these places too hazardous, and were not long in withdrawing to safer positions behind the intrenchments. During the afternoon a small mounted party, led by an officer wearing a white shirt, the bosom of which was distinctly visible, ventured outside the fort. A member of the sharp-shooters, who goes by the *soubriquet* of "California Joe," observed that "he was best at a white mark." He quickly drew up his telescopic rifle, took aim, fired, and the man reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground apparently dead.
>
> At half past four P.M. the enemy opened heavy firing from earth-works on the left of where the above shooting occurred. They made General Martindale's brigade their target. Our people were ready for them. The Third Massachusetts battery took a position, and returned the fire with splendid, and, as is believed, most telling effect. The rebel gunners showed more skill in sighting their pieces here than was shown from the other portion of the intrenchment. The sun was shining on our pieces, which gave the enemy a great advantage.
>
> Before the firing ceased General Hamilton's division arrived on the ground. Captain Randolf's Sixth Rhode Island battery relieved during the last of the firing the Third Massachussets battery.
>
> The rebels had fine range of the best locations for our artillery and the grounds on which we were encamped; but the casualties were very slight indeed compared with the injuries which our sharp-shooters inflicted upon them. Whenever they made a good shot they would utter unearthly yells. The principal portion of our troops which had arrived were located in the large fields on either side of the road, nearly surrounded by woods. In front, where our pieces were planted, there is an extensive field and then a lower ground, a large plain, in front of the rebel works. The Yorktown turnpike runs through to the centre of the fortifications, which have dense woods behind them.

THE VICTORY AT ISLAND No. 10.

We devote page 268 to illustrations of the Siege of Island Number Ten, on the Mississippi, which was surrendered to Commodore Foote on the morning of 7th inst. We give a portrait of the gallant Commodore; a portrait of General Pope, whose brilliant "traverse movement" led to the capture of 4 generals and 5000 rebels; a view of the "Carondelet" Gun-boat passing the Rebel Batteries; and a picture of the Gallant Exploit of Colonel Roberts, who, with 100 men, surprised a rebel battery and spiked the guns.

The following sketches of Commodore Foote and General Pope will be read with interest:

COMMODORE FOOTE.

> Commodore Foote is a native of Connecticut, of which State he is a citizen, and from which State he was appointed to the navy of the United States. He is a son of Senator Foote, of Connecticut, to whom Daniel Webster replied, in the Senate, with one of his famous speeches. He entered the United States service on the 4th of December, 1822, and has consequently served the country nearly forty years. He steadily rose in his profession, and was made a commander on the 19th of December, 1852, under which commission he saw about two years and three months' sea-service. His total sea-service was nearly twenty years and a half, and he performed nearly eight years' shore duty. He was unemployed for over ten years, and was last at sea in June, 1858. At the breaking out of the present troubles he was in command of the Navy-yard at Brooklyn, and shortly after the commencement of hostilities was promoted to a captaincy, with the charge of the Western or Mississippi flotilla, of which he is the commodore or flag-officer. While engaged in his duties he is reported as having worked night and day with a zeal and energy that are worthy of emulation in both branches of the service, and has accomplished an almost herculean task. Being dependent upon the Navy Department for men and a portion of his equipment, and compelled to call upon the War Department for other things equally necessary to the success of his mission in the inland waters, and apparently an object of jealousy and a subject of neglect from both, he has quietly worked through all obstacles. He is a quiet, gray-haired veteran, and, although holding a rank equal to major-general of the land forces, attained by a life's service on the broad seas under the old flag, has been quietly and unostentatiously serving his country at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi. His present expedition has been carried out with spirit and energy, and the result is gratifying to the nation.

GENERAL POPE.

> General John Pope was born in Kentucky, about the year 1822. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated in 1842 as Second-Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was in the Mexican war, and at Monterey so distinguished himself that he obtained his First-Lieutenancy. Again at Buena Vista he won laurels and the brevet rank of Captain. He was still a Captain when the rebellion broke out, and was one of the officers appointed by the War Department to escort President Lincoln to Washington. He was loyal, and was soon after the inauguration appointed to a command in the Northwest. For some time he served gallantly in Northern Missouri, under Generals Frémont and Hunter. General Halleck gave him command of a separate expedition in December. He started from Commerce, Missouri, with a well-appointed command of some 12,000 men, and marched over to New Madrid, then occupied by the rebels. He took the place, erected batteries all along the west bank of the river for fifteen miles, and captured the rebels from Island No. 10.

THE EXPLOIT OF THE "CARONDELET."

The New York *Times* correspondent thus describes the exploit of the *Carondelet*. After describing the efforts made to send transports through the bayous to General Pope at New Madrid, and the necessity of having a gun-boat to protect them crossing over the troops, he says:

> Why the *Carondelet* was selected particularly for this enterprise I do not know. Some boat had to go, and Captain Walke, being nearly the oldest officer in the fleet, and having on all occasions performed excellent service, was dispatched for the enterprise.
>
> The preparations made were few. On the port side a flat-boat was lashed, loaded with bales of pressed hay, and calculated to afford considerable protection against batteries located on the Kentucky shore. If they got through safely she would need fuel, and to supply this a barge laden with coal was lashed to the opposite side, and by balancing the breast-work of hay, enabled her to be more easily handled. During the day (Friday) two of her bow guns were removed, and their places supplied with rifled Dahlgren pieces of 30 and 42 pounds calibre respectively..
>
> This was all the preparation made, and, thus accoutred, she waited for night, whose black mantle would, to some extent, lessen the danger of the attempt.
>
> At 10 o'clock she cast loose, and started slowly down the stream. At the same time heavy clouds had overspread the sky, and a genuine tropical (in size) thunder-storm came howling up the river. It did not rain in the ordinary meaning of the term, but whole gulfs of water came pouring down in masses. Nor did it thunder and lighten in the usual meaning given to those words, but it roared at us as if all the electric batteries of north, south, east, and west, had concentrated their forces, and were bellowing at us in unison, while the lightning in each broad flash was so vast and so vivid, that it seemed as if the gates of some hell, like that of Milton, were opened and shut every instant, suffering the whole fierce reflection of the infernal lake to flash across the sky.
>
> At such a time the *Carondelet* lifted her anchor, and slowly swung into the stream, watched, through the almost blinding flashes, by thousands of eager eyes, whose owners, regardless of the driving storm, crowded the decks of the other gun-boats and transports, to watch the heroic undertaking.
>
> Slowly she swung round till hauled down stream, and then she pushed straight ahead, keeping well over toward the island. We could see her almost every second—every brace, port, and outline could be seen with startling distinctness enshrouded by a bluish-white glare of light, and then her black form for the next instant would become merged in the intense blackness that lay upon the river like a pall.
>
> With beating hearts we saw her arrive opposite to, and pass the first battery on the Kentucky shore, without a demonstration from the enemy. But just below was another battery, whose guns had oftenpitched their immense balls a clear distance of four miles; and with hearts whose beating could almost, it seemed, be heard beneath our jackets, we watched her slowly approaching, in checkers of darkness and flame, the dreaded works.
>
> A crashing peal of thunder—a blinding flash of light, which scarcely had disappeared when a broad blaze of flame burst from the fortifications, followed almost instantly by a second and a third. A few instants later, and the reports came up to us dulled by the roar of the storm.
>
> No reply from the *Carondelet*. Slowly she steamed ahead, the sky all ablaze about her, the Kentucky shore vomiting fierce flames, the thunders of the storm and the roar of the rebel artillery commingling, as if heaven and earth had joined to crush the audacious intruder.
>
> In about twenty minutes the *Carondelet* had passed below the island, chased all the way by the outbursting flashes along the shore, roared at by the thunders above, beset by the rain, and buffeted by the savage winds. Then the flashes along the shore ceased, and then came a few moments of terrible suspense. Had she gone down, or was she drifting helpless in the swift current? Just then the roar of a gun came up faintly from below, then another, and another. It was the signal that she had passed through safely; and then there went up such thunders of cheers and hurricanes of shouts from the watching crowds, that even the storm itself was outroared, and the voice of our jubilation sent down to the rebels, who were gnashing their teeth in baffled rage behind their fortifications.
>
> To conclude, I will add that forty-seven shots were fired at the *Carondelet*, not one of which struck her! She lay off last night a short distance above New Madrid, and this morning early steamed up to the landing.
>
> Such another scene of rejoicing at her arrival was probably never witnessed. Men hurrahed, cried, laughed—they fired cannon, tossed up their hats; and finally their excitement culminated in seizing the crew of the boat that came ashore from the *Carondelet*, and carrying them on their shoulders in triumph all over the town.

[For an account of Colonel Roberts's exploit, see page 259.]

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

We publish on pages 264 and 265 a large illustration of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, fought on 6th and 7th between the Union army, under Generals Grant and Buell, and the rebels, under Beauregard and Sydney Johnston. The point selected by our artist for illustration represents the final charge of our army under General Grant at 3 P.M. on 7th. The Cincinnati *Times* gives the following account of the battle:

> Our forces were stationed in the form of a semicircle, the right resting on a point north of Crump's Landing, our centre being in front of the main road to Corinth, and our left extending to the river in the direction of Hamburg, four miles north of Pittsburg Landing. At two o'clock on the morning of the 6th 400 men of General Prentiss's division were attacked by the enemy half a mile in advance of our lines. Our men fell back on the Twenty-fifth Missouri, swiftly pursued by the enemy. The advance of the rebels reached Colonel Peabody's brigade just as the long roll was sounded and the men were falling into line. Resistance was but short, and they retreated under a galling fire until they reached the lines of the Second division.
>
> At six o'clock the attack had become general along our whole front. The enemy in large numbers drove in the pickets of General Sherman's division, and fell on the Forty-eighth, Fiftieth, and Seventy-second Ohio regiments. Those troops were never before in action, and, being so unexpectedly attacked, made as able a resistance as possible, but were, in common with the forces of General Prentiss, forced to seek support of the troops immediately in their rear. At one o'clock the entire line on both sides was fully engaged. The roar of cannon and musketry was without intermission from the main centre to a point extending half-way down the left wing. The rebels made a desperate charge on the Fourteenth Ohio battery, which, not being sufficiently supported by infantry, fell into their hands. Another severe fight occurred for possession of the Fifth Ohio battery, and three of its guns were taken by the enemy.
>
> By eleven o'clock a number of commanders of regiments had fallen, and in some cases not a single field-officer remained; yet the fighting continued with an earnestness which showed that the contest on both sides was for death or victory. Foot by foot the ground was contested, and finding it impossible to drive back our centre, the enemy slackened their fire, and made vigorous efforts on our left wing, endeavoring to outflank, and driving it to the river

bank. This wing was under General Hurlburt, and was composed of the Fourteenth, Thirty-second, Forty-fourth, and Fifty-seventh Indiana; Eighth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-first Illinois. [The Fourteenth Indiana Regiment was not there. It is serving under General Shields in Virginia.—Ed.] Fronting its line, however, was the Fourteenth, Fifty-seventh, and Seventy-seventh Ohio, and Fifth Ohio Cavalry, of General Sherman's division. For nearly two hours a sheet of fire blazed from both columns, the rebels fighting with a vigor that was only equaled by those contending with them. While the contest raged the hottest the gun-boat *Tyler* passed up the river to a point opposite the enemy, and poured in broadsides from her immense guns, greatly aiding in forcing the enemy back. Up to three o'clock the battle raged with a fury that defies description. The rebels had found every attempt to break our lines unavailing. They had striven to drive in our main column, and finding that impossible, had turned all their strength upon our left. Foiled in that quarter, they now made another attempt at our centre, and made every effort to rout our forces before the reinforcements, which had been sent for, should come up.

At five o'clock there was a short cessation in the fire of the enemy, their lines falling back for nearly half a mile, when they suddenly wheeled and again threw their entire forces upon our left wing, determined to make a final struggle in that quarter; but the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington* poured in their shot thick and fast with terrible effect. Meanwhile General Wallace, who had taken a circuitous route from Crump's Landing, appeared suddenly on the enemy's right wing. In the face of this combination of circumstances the rebels felt that their enterprise for the day was a failure, and as night was approaching fell back until they reached an advantageous position somewhat in the rear, yet occupying the main road to Corinth.

The gun-boats continued to throw shell after them until out of range. After a wearied watching of several hours of intense anxiety, the advance regiments of General Buell appeared on the opposite bank of the river. The work of passing the river began, the Thirty-sixth Indiana and Sixty-eighth Ohio being the first to cross, followed by the main portions of Generals Nelson and Bruce's divisions. Cheer after cheer greeted their arrival, and they were immediately sent to the advance, where they rested on their arms for the night. All night long steamers were engaged ferrying General Buell's force across, and when daylight broke it was evident the rebels too had been strongly reinforced.

The battle on Monday was opened by the rebels at seven o'clock from the Corinth road, and in half an hour extended along the whole line. At nine o'clock the sound of artillery and musketry fully equaled that of the previous day. The enemy was met by our reinforcements and the still unwearied soldiers of the previous day with an energy they certainly could not have expected. It became evident they were avoiding the extreme of our left wing, and endeavoring, with perseverance and determination, to find some weak point by which to turn our force. They left one point but to return to it immediately, and then as suddenly would, by some masterly stroke of generalship, direct a most vigorous attack upon some division where they fancied they would not be expected; but the fire of our lines was as steady as clock-work, and it soon became evident that the enemy considered the task they had undertaken a hopeless one. Further reinforcements now began to arrive, and took position on the right of the main centre under General Wallace.

Generals Grant, Buell, M'Clernand, Nelson, Sherman, and Crittenden were every where present, directing movements for a new stroke on the enemy. Suddenly both wings of our army were turned upon the enemy, with the intention of driving them into an extensive ravine; at the same time a powerful battery, stationed in the open field, poured volley after volley of canister into the rebel ranks. At half past eleven the roar of the battle shook the earth. The Union guns were fired with all the energy that the prospect of the enemy's defeat inspired, while the rebels' fire was not so vigorous, and they evinced a desire to withdraw. They finally fell slowly back, keeping up a fire from their artillery and musketry along their whole column as they retreated. They went in excellent order, battling at every advantageous point, and delivering their fire with considerable effect; but from all the divisions of our lines they were closely pursued, a galling fire being kept upon their rear.

The enemy had now been driven beyond our former lines, and were in full retreat for Corinth, pursued by our cavalry.

The forces engaged on both sides in this day's battle are estimated at about seventy thousand each—an entire force of one hundred and forty thousand men.

Another correspondent, in the same paper, thus mentions the final charge:

The enemy, after maintaining their ground till 3 P.M., gave way. The decisive blow was given by General Grant, who headed a charge of six regiments in person, precipitating his whole body on the enemy's centre with such desperate force that they broke and ran. Retreat at once became general. Within half an hour the whole rebel army was falling back in dismay. Our rejoiced soldiers followed them, driving them through our camp in complete disorder. They were soon driven into a broken country, where they would not form or fight. There was no relaxation in the pursuit.

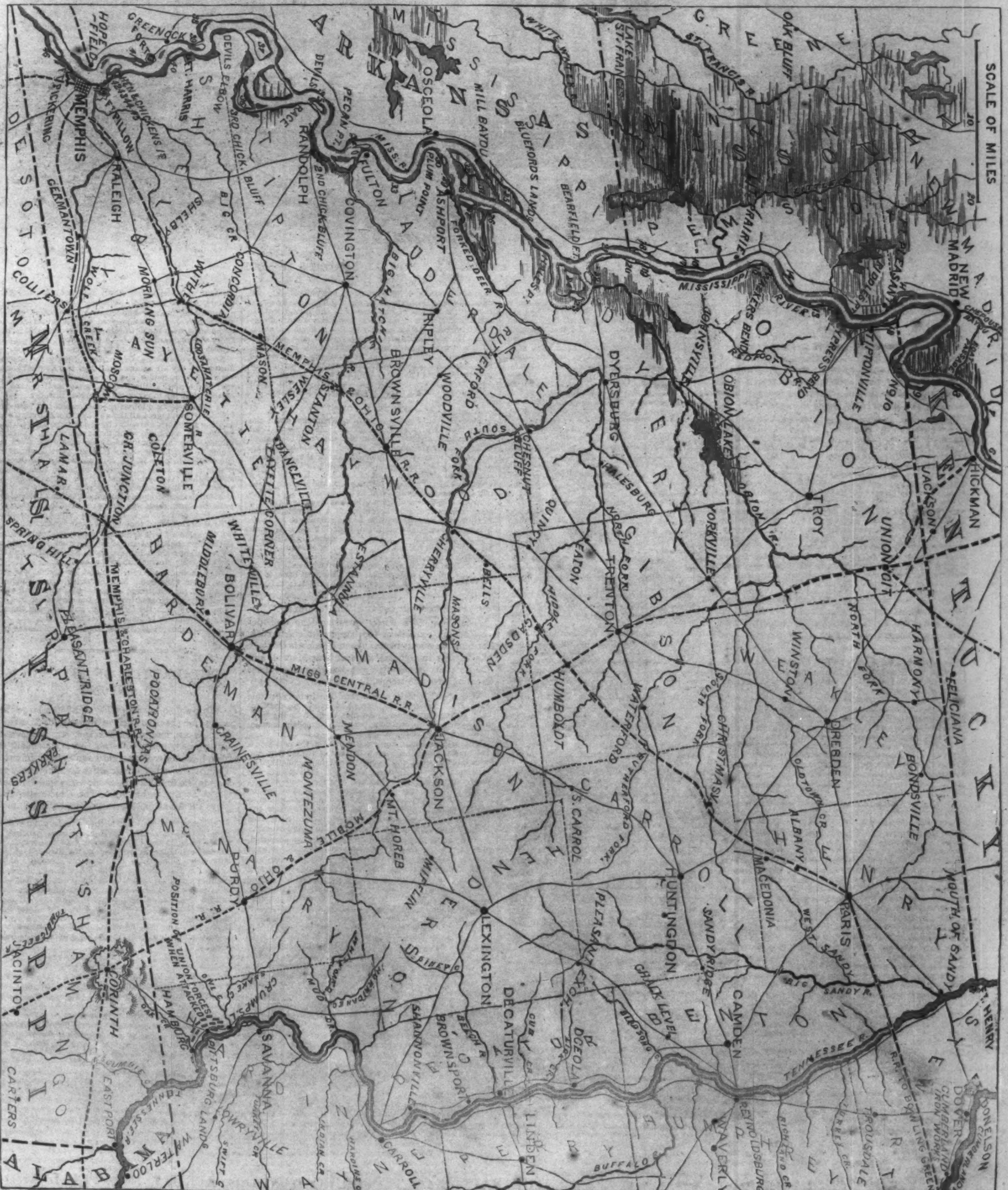
At the last accounts the cavalry were eleven miles from the river, still following. The fugitives, exhausted, lay down and waited to be taken prisoners.

MAP OF WESTERN TENNESSEE.

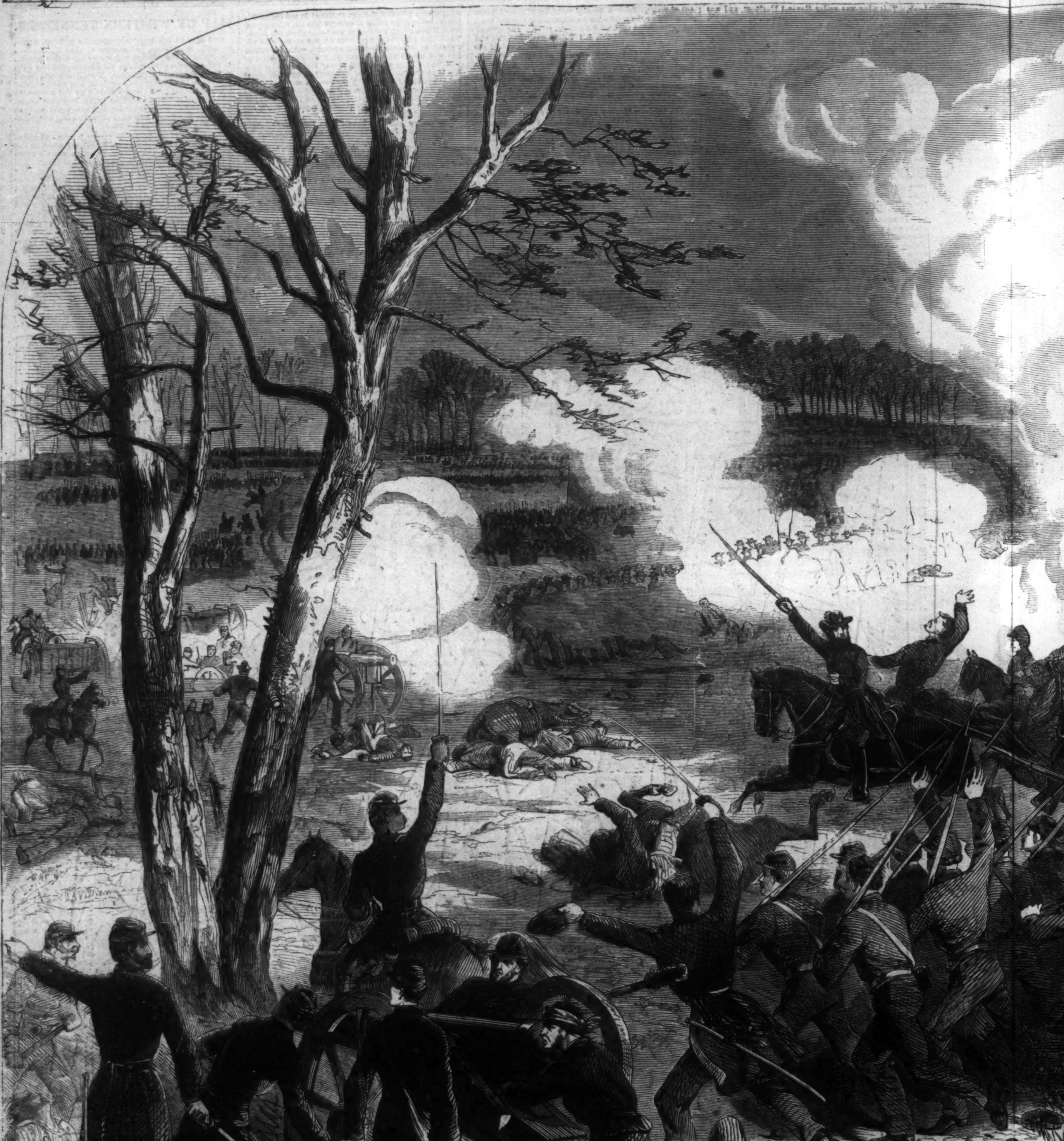
Our Map on this page represents the counties, towns, railroads, main roads, and streams of West Tennessee—the region of the brilliant exploits of the Union army—also the islands, forts, etc., on the Mississippi River from above Island No. 10 to Memphis. New Madrid and Island No. 10 are in the northwest angle of this quadrangular territory; Forts Henry and Donelson in the northeast; Pittsburg Landing and Corinth in the southeast angle. In these corners the national flag flies victorious; while at Memphis, in the southwest angle, the rebel flag hangs listlessly or trembles in the breeze.

The surface of this part of Tennessee is even and undulating; most of the streams are sluggish, rising near the Tennessee River, and running westwardly across the country to empty their waters into the Mississippi River. The Big Hatchie River and the South Fork of Forked Deer River are navigable at good stages of water—the former to Bolivar, the latter to Jackson, towns on the Mississippi Central Railroad. The low lands on the banks of the rivers in this region produce gigantic cane-brakes. The soil of the country is a very dark loam, and is productive.

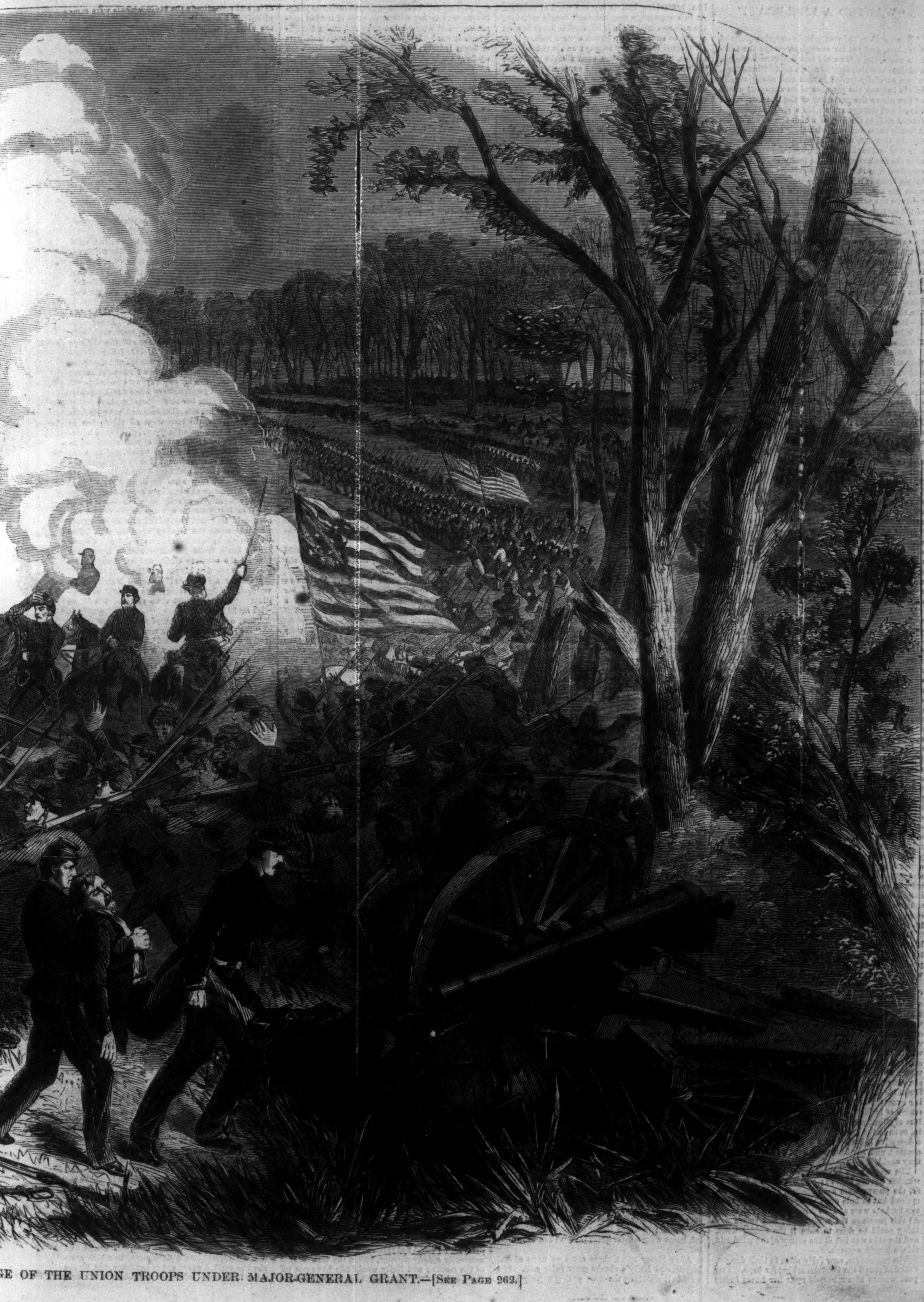
The town of Corinth, which the rebels fixed upon for a "stand," is a strong position. It is nearly surrounded by hills, which are the water-shed of streams running to the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, and the Tombigbee, which flows southward to the Gulf of Mexico. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, which cross here, pass through deep cuts of from thirty to seventy feet before entering the town. Huntsville, Alabama, now in possession of the Union forces under General Mitchell, is on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, about one hundred miles east of Corinth, which is in Mississippi.


SCALE OF MILES
ARKANSAS
MISSISSIPPI
KENTUCKY
ALABAMA
MEMPHIS
HOPEFIELD
GREENOCK
FORT PICKERING
FT. PILLOW
RANDOLPH
OSCEOLA
FULTON
ASHPORT
COVINGTON
RALEIGH
GERMANTOWN
COLLIERSVILLE
MOSCOW
LAMAR
SOMERVILLE
MASON
STANTON
BROWNSVILLE
RIPLEY
DYERSBURG
TRENTON
HUMBOLDT
JACKSON
BOLIVAR
MIDDLEBURG
GR. JUNCTION
SPRING HILL
POCAHONTAS
CORINTH
HAMBURG
PITTSBURG LANDG.
SAVANNA
CRUMPS
EASTPORT
WATERLOO
LEXINGTON
DECATURVILLE
HUNTINGDON
CAMDEN
PARIS
DRESDEN
TROY
UNION CITY
HICKMAN
NEW MADRID
TIPTONVILLE
No. 10
FT. HENRY
DONELSON
DOVER
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
TENNESSEE R.
MEMPHIS & OHIO R.R.
MISS. CENTRAL R.R.
MEMPHIS & CHARLESTON R.R.
MOBILE & OHIO R.R.
POSITION OF UNION FORCES WHEN ATTACKED
SHELBY
TIPTON
FAYETTE
HARDEMAN
MADISON
HAYWOOD
LAUDERDALE
DYER
GIBSON
OBION
WEAKLEY
HENRY
CARROLL
HENDERSON
McNAIRY
HARDIN
BENTON
DE SOTO
MARSHALL
TISHAMINGO

MAP OF WESTERN TENNESSEE, SHOWING THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE UNION AND REBEL ARMIES, CORINTH, AND THE APPROACHES TO MEMPHIS, THE RAILROADS, ETC.



THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING, APRIL 7, 1862—FINAL AND VICTORIOUS CHARGE



GE OF THE UNION TROOPS UNDER MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.—[See Page 262.]

"WANTED A LIFE-BOAT!"

I.

NOT far from the pretty little watering-place of Glandore, and yet far enough to escape the tourist's route, there is an old and half-ruined chapel, and close to which may be seen a neat little cottage, whose carefully-tended garden and snowy muslin blinds bespeak the presence of an occupant a step or two above the peasantry of the district. Both chapel and cottage are within a stone's-throw of a fearful cliff, at the foot of which the waves of the Atlantic chafe and roar with their everlasting and solemn thunder, and now and then, when lashed into fury by the pitiless wind, send showers of spray over the dank margin of the rocky wall. On such occasions it is that the little cottage shows life; a bright lamp is lighted in the window, a fire glows upon the hearth—and the door is flung open as if to invite the entrance of the storm. The occupants of the cottage are two—a young but faded woman, who sits by the fire, her pale, eager face turned to the door, as if watching for some well-beloved one to come—and an old and infirm man, who moves about, sometimes giving his companion a report as to the progress of the storm, but oftener pausing to look up and cross himself, with such a sad, hopeless expression that it requires little penetration to see that his is one of the hardest trials in life—the long, heart-breaking watch and ward over the shattered intellect of one dearer to him than life itself.

Who and what these two are will appear from the following narrative:

Among the passengers on board the *Washington*, that sailed from Boston toward the close of February, 184–, was a Mr. Morris, the son of an officer of the Engineers, who, at the close of the Peninsular War, accepted, like many others, a grant of Canadian land. The old gentleman had prospered, and at his death left his only son a rich man. Pining to see old England, he sold off all he could, and set forth from the land of his adoption full of the brightest anticipations.

For the first fortnight all went well with them; and in all human probability a few days would bring them in sight of British ground. Upon the 23d they spoke a brig bound for Dublin, and sent letters on board to be posted on her arrival. From the moment when the pretty little brig was cheered away, Home and England became, as it were, a reality. Men who had sailed all the rest of the voyage without seeming to possess one feeling in common with any one else, now became communicative, and began to recount anecdotes of their childhood, becoming almost poetical in their descriptions of village scenes. The after-dinner ten minutes became an hour, and still some lingered; more hot water was called for, so the steward, at all events, felt an interest in their reminiscences.

About twelve o'clock on the following night they were off Cape Clear. Morning would, they expected, give them their first returning glimpse of British ground; but morning broke, or rather struggled forth, dreary and stormy. Heavy clouds were rising, packed upon each other with that precise appearance a sailor knows so well. Sullen gusts of wind came booming over the waves, which here and there showed a troubled, frothy look. As day advanced the gale freshened, and, there was no use denying it, they might prepare for a rough night; the wind was dead in their teeth, and, the sea running as only the Atlantic can, for a time there was some indecision on the Captain's part whether or not to put about and run for Bantry Bay. But, though heavily enough laden, the ship was a good one, perfectly manageable, and had a first-rate crew; thus, though the first impulse of prudence, mingled with the dread of exposing so many inexperienced matrons as his twenty-three passengers to a storm, spoke in favor of a retreat, the honor of his ship, the time of his voyage, and the interest he had in the speed of his vessel, were too strong, and, keeping her well to sea, he still attempted to stay on his true course. But another power was at work, and the wind and sea were his opponents, each moment lending to their fierce strength—so much so that the vessel drifted in spite of every effort. Presently the sky cleared a little—the wind lulled; then, veering round to the southwest, seemed to rise wilder and madder than ever. The force was irresistible, the ship drifted in-shore, and in this way night closed in.

Few on board slept that night; for though no hint was there as to danger, the very fact of such a tempestuous welcome to their native land had a depressing influence, and, together with the wind and wave, kept sleep far off.

The wind began freshening after midnight; the Captain hoisted a sail to keep the vessel off shore; a greater press of canvas was deemed advisable. Daylight brought new horrors. It was discovered that the ship had sprung a leak, and had nine feet of water in the hold; the main-topsail and mainsail were to be taken in. But the effort was vain; it was impossible to furl either. All pumps were set at work. At noon they caught a glimpse of land, which to their surprise proved to be Cape Clear, showing that they must have either lain almost like a block, or drifted back—neither very promising events. It was now that one of the sailors, a native of Ireland, came up to the Captain and told him of Glandore Harbor, offering to pilot the ship in, even in the gale. But he was not listened to; a deceptive lull aroused a hope that the wind was abating, and her head was kept out the best way they could.

The water soon gained upon them, one of the winches having broken; and none being found to fit, the pumps were soon choked, and nothing remained but to bale out the fore-hatchway. Canvas buckets were at once formed, and set to work. At this juncture the tiller broke, and before any thing could be done to save it the rudder went, and the ship was left at the mercy of the wind and tide, a hopeless wreck.

The passengers, now fully alive to their danger, crowded round the Captain, asking for hope. One poor woman threw herself upon her knees before him, beseeching him to say one word of comfort. At this moment, when, although nearly mid-day, the rain and mist made it impossible to see beyond a yard or two, the ship struck upon a rock. Horror seemed to tie every tongue; and in this terrible silence, more fearful than even shrieks and sobs, the vessel rose, as if lifted by a supernatural power, trembled for a moment upon a mountain of water, and then crashed down upon the black and pitiless reef.

"It's all over!" said the Captain—his voice breaking the spell of silence.

"Not yet, Captain!" cried Harry Crofts, the Irish sailor who had proposed running for Glandore. "Sure we're off Downeen Castle! I know that black reef; an' the Coast-guard's just beyond. Holy Virgin, they've seen us! There go the guns!"

As he spoke, the boom of a gun was heard, not two hundred yards off, and instantly answered by a yell that seemed to burst from every heart.

"Clear away for a rocket!" shouted a voice—showing how near they were to the shore.

A rocket was fired, but fell short; another—and yet another.

"It's the mist," said the Captain; "they can not see us."

"I'll swim ashore with a line, Sir, if you'll let me," said a voice.

"No, no, Crofts; it's death!"

"It's the same to stay, Sir. Here's Mr. Morris and me ready."

"Off, then; and God speed you! Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"Ropes all right?"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"God bless you!"

And the two men, with a rope firmly fixed round the waist of each, scrambled over the side, and committed themselves to the mercy of the waves.

A few minutes of intense anxiety followed, during which the people on shore threw another rocket, with an equally unfortunate result. Then those on board holding the lines, felt them tighten—the swimmers had reached the land; a hawser was then attached, and soon drawn ashore. Then one of the sailors offered to go and see what was to be done; but before he could do so Morris reappeared, and was welcomed with the most tumultuous joy.

He and Harry Crofts had reached the mouth of a cavern, and having secured the hawser, were ready to do what could be done in getting the rest along it.

Baskets were tied together and slung. Into these the children, six in number, were fastened, and intrusted to Morris and a couple of sailors; next the women, in a similar conveyance; and lastly the men, one by one.

A couple of hours were passed in getting off from the wreck, the Captain being the last man to leave her. She could be seen from their resting-place beating helplessly, literally grinding to pieces, until every plank had separated, and the wild waves tossed them to and fro in their fierce play. Even now, their situation was only a shade better; for though they were on firm ground, the cavern could be approached only at low water and in the calmest weather; in such a storm as was now raging it was a prison. Besides, they had not even a drop of water or a morsel of bread, and were, in all, nearly 100 persons. The Coast-guardsmen had evidently conjectured where the crew had found refuge, as a basket of provisions was lowered toward evening; and in it a few lines scrawled on paper, telling them not to lose heart, and all would be well. A pencil and paper were laid in the basket; and with these the Captain wrote as full an account as possible of their situation, names, etc. A few minutes after the basket was drawn up, the rope was let down again—this time with a bundle of blankets. For the two days that the storm lasted they were abundantly supplied with food; still their sufferings were great, and when the third morning broke, calm and clear, it would be difficult to describe the intense joy of every one. Directly the tide went down a boat appeared round the end of the cliff, and was, as the reader may imagine, hailed with a cheer—such as one gives once in a lifetime.

II.

FROM the moment that the storm came on, a sort of instinct had drawn Mr. Morris and Harry Crofts together; and when they reached the shore after their sufferings in the cavern, and Harry was clasped in his father's arms, he did not forget his friend, but humbly offered him such accommodation as their cottage afforded. This Morris thankfully accepted. The rest of the passengers and crew were amply provided with clothes and comforts by the gentry and country-people. But every one of them had left the neighborhood before Mr. Morris—who still lingered at the Coast-guard station, boating and shooting with Harry, exploring about among the mountains, and listening in the evening to old Tom's yarns and Nelly's sweet Irish songs. Nelly, who was Harry's only sister, a perfect specimen of Irish beauty, perhaps had something to do with our hero's prolonged stay. He did not, however, acknowledge this even to himself, but found a hundred excuses to quiet his conscience and give him an excuse to remain. At last he was summoned to London on business, and most reluctantly bade farewell to his kind entertainers, to whom he had endeared himself and become like one of themselves. A couple of months passed by. Harry went off on another voyage; but not before he had noticed the change in Nelly's looks and spirits, and tried to give her sage advice against thinking of Mr. Morris, who, as a gentleman, could not think of her in an honest way. Poor Nelly flushed up, and for the first time grew angry with Harry, telling him that she did not care for Mr. Morris, and hoped he would never come back; to which Harry answered nothing, but left home with a sorer heart than he had ever done before.

After Harry went, there came no news of Mr. Morris, and Nelly's cheeks grew paler still. She would sit watching the Bay, gazing eagerly at every passing sail, as if she expected each was winging its way to her with some news of her old happiness. But winter came and went, and a terrible winter it was! Wrecks multiplied upon the coasts of Great Britain; the cries of the drowning went up from every side. Three vessels were wrecked off Gallyhead and Ring; and for more than a month after the passenger-ship was lost (with every soul on board), anxious and heart-broken strangers came and went to the village, searching out every relic of those friends and relatives hurried to their graves.

Life-boats were added to the number then in existence; but the fishermen at Glandore were too poor to purchase one, and the Institution not wealthy enough at that period to supply one free. Rockets were their only means—and even of these but a scanty supply could be obtained. All that human strength and daring could do had been done for the unfortunate vessels; but on such a coast, man's power, unaided by artificial means, can do little.

Nelly was the wonder of the whole country-side; she seemed endowed with superhuman courage and forethought, and the simple villagers began to look upon her with something like awe. They little knew what was nerving her heart and mind, or that the storms had become like a precious memorial of her lost happiness. A vague presentiment had taken possession of her mind that his face would lie before her cold and fixed, even as those the storms cast upon the shore. But spring came, and, as far as she knew, Morris was safe.

One afternoon, her father having gone upon some business to Ross, Nelly locked up the cottage and went off to her favorite place on the cliffs just above the cavern. A soft breeze was blowing over the water; the waves rose and broke with a regular cadence; the sheep were cropping the short wiry grass almost overhanging the cliff, turning their quiet eyes now and then down into the fearful depth below. Nelly's thoughts were busy with the day of the wreck; and then following it up, turning to Morris, the lovely sky and bright looks of every thing seemed to mock her own sadness, and leaning forward, with her face covered with her hands, she sat wondering at her fate.

Nelly had but small experience of the world, and none whatever of books, so knew nothing about the "old, old story." Her fate seemed to her an unusual one—one at least she had never seen before in any of her acquaintances; and it was the shame she felt that had made her bear up so bravely that none suspected the cause of the change.

"There she is, yer honor, good luck to ye!" said a childish voice beside her; and starting up, she saw Morris by her side.

Neither spoke for some minutes. Nelly was vainly trying to keep down the beating of her heart, scarcely believing she saw other than a spirit. Morris himself was silent—panic-struck at the change he saw.

"Good God, Nelly, are you ill?" at last broke from his lips, as he stepped forward as if to take her hand—then hesitated. Nelly raised her eyes.

"Oh! Nelly, Nelly! Have I made you ill? Oh, my own darling, I've come to you! I tried hard, but I could not stay away. I've come for my wife."

III.

WHAT a night of gossip and conjecture that was! Every cottage fireside had its group; and I believe not one among them but was proud of Nelly's good luck; and as all of them knew and liked the gentleman, there was not an envious heart among them.

Old Tom's return from Ross was one he remembered all his life after; and—when he heard from Morris how he had loved Nelly long ago, but, remembering how seldom unequal marriages turn out happily, had said nothing, and gone away hoping she would forget him, but that every month made him love her more, till at last he could not help returning, just, he thought, to see her once more and then go back to America—Tom wiped his eyes more than once during the recital. Then getting Nelly on his knee, he told her it was just the way her mother and he went about it, only he was the poor one—her mother being a farmer's daughter, and a good bit above a common sailor—"But true love gained the day," added Tom, "and so it will to the end o' the world."

Nobody in the cottage thought much of sleep that night; and Nelly was up and off to have a look at the cliffs at daybreak, just as she told Morris—to try and understand it all.

It seemed Morris had no one to please but himself and Nelly as to when the wedding was to take place. So it may be believed neither of them had any wish to put it off. Harry was expected home in six weeks, so they fixed a day upon which he would be present.

In the mean time, Morris spent his time at the village, making, as the people said, a scholar of Nelly, whose cheeks began to wear their old roses and dimples. June came in bright and sunny. Every hour was counted until the 9th, their wedding-day, and all that human means could do to give happiness to those around was done by Morris, who was now the idol of the whole neighborhood. One thing went straight to their hearts—he promised to get them a "Life-boat," and pay for it too, so that they would only have the expense of repairing, etc., a portion of which the Society would do. Tom Crofts was to act as coxswain, and had soon picked out a crew from twenty or thirty volunteers—all young unmarried men; for as Tom said, "the married ones had mouths of their own to feed, and life to keep up." Tom paraded the crew before Morris, to show him the sort of men he might intrust his present to.

The only thing that marred the happiness with which the wedding-day broke forth was the non-arrival of Harry. Mr. Morris had written to the agents, and found, the ship's departure having been delayed, he could not reach England, unless by an unusually speedy passage, before the 10th or 12th of the month; and Nelly would fain have put off the wedding-day. But old Tom would not hear of it, and accordingly the arrangements were completed; and upon the 9th of June Nelly stood by the altar of the chapel on the cliff, and plighted faith to her chosen one. Every body in the village, and indeed for miles around, flocked to the chapel, and lent their voices to cheer the beautiful bride.

While the ceremony was proceeding an ominous change had been taking place in the weather. Sea-gulls were seen hovering uneasily round the cliffs—a few early swallows skimmed along close to the earth, while heavy-backed clouds rose to the south, and a thin driving mist, soon changing to rain, came scudding across the water. A slight shade passed over Nelly's face as Morris whispered, "I found you in storm, Nelly dear, and we are going to have a storm to consecrate our happiness."

Nelly shuddered. But what had she to dread now he was there by her side and bound to her forever? So she banished the dark fear, and, looking cheerily up in the loving face, said:

"We'll keep the sunshine in our hearts any how, darling; the storm can not touch them."

The threatening storm was soon forgotten, until some four or five hours later the howling winds began to speak too plainly to escape notice, and the fishermen told of other storms that had come on much the same way. At last, just at nightfall, there was no mistaking or shutting out the fact that a fearful tempest was raging.

The usual precautions were taken—rocket tubes made ready, and look-outs posted. About midnight guns of a ship in distress were made out; but so intense was the darkness and the violence of the storm that it was impossible to judge correctly of her whereabouts. Nor was it until daybreak that one could be seen, and then all hope of saving her was over. She lay sideways on a reef close off the long-strand beach—every wave breaking clear over her, carrying her away piece by piece.

The instant her situation became known, rockets were fired—one, the last, went all right; but so great was the confusion in the wreck, that no hawser could be found. A couple of men attempted to come ashore along the line, which, giving way, broke off the only apparent chance of helping the crew. Tom Crofts had been busy on the look-out all night, and soon after daylight Morris joined him. Almost as he came up a report arose among the crowd—nobody exactly knew how—that it was the ship Harry Crofts was aboard, and some one even said they had recognized him as one of the men who made the attempt upon the line. The whisper reached the father's ears, and found a ready echo. Some dread presentiment had hung over him all the previous night, and an inward voice seemed to say that his son was indeed there.

"Oh for a Life-boat!" groaned Morris, as he watched the figures clinging to the deck and rigging. "But we must save some! Who'll go with me?"

Three or four men sprang forward.

"We'll go, Sir; but you mustn't come! Boys, lend a hand with the boat!" Morris, too, lent a hand; and together they ran a fishing-boat down to the verge of the spray.

"Ye're mad!" exclaimed Tom Crofts, laying his hand upon Morris's shoulder. "Ye're flying in the face o' the Almighty, boy!"

"No, no, Tom; I can not stand and see them drown. Come, lads!"

Just then a white figure ran along the beach, and in a second or two Nelly was beside him, horror and fear distorting her face.

"Oh, my God!" she cried; "it's coming now! Morris, as sure as you go in that boat, you are lost!" And she clasped her hands wildly round his arm.

"No, no, Nelly; cheer us! It's my duty! I must do it, or live to despise myself. Every moment may destroy one of them. Good God! there's the first!"

As he said this the body of a man was cast forward by a wave, and was left within a yard of the spot where he was standing. Nelly had seen many before, and scarcely turned, until a cry of agony drew her round, and she saw her father frantically kissing the cold lips of her brother! More than human seemed the calm that from that moment came across the girl: it was the lull before the tempest that was to be her last.

"I won't stop you, darling. But you'll come again—I'll see you again, dead or alive!" One wild embrace, and her husband was in the boat, and, catching a favorable moment, the remaining men pushed off, with a vain sobbing attempt at a cheer—for not a soul but felt they were launching them to death. For a few minutes the boat was lost sight of; then she appeared for an instant, still safe, and a shout and a prayer rose on the beach. A sudden lull came in the storm, and with it a ray of hope; then, with a clap like thunder, the wind rushed across the bay. The boat shuddered for a second, and then disappeared, overwhelmed by a mountain of dark water.

One terrible cry broke from Nelly's lips, the only one she ever uttered. The women tried to get her away, sobbing round her, but shrank, one by one, as they saw her eyes, which were fixed as if upon a sight beyond their ken, while a wild smile parted her lips. There she stood all that day and until nightfall, when her father, scarcely less heart-broken than herself, tried to lead her away. Finding it was useless, he got her under the shelter of some rocks, and with one or two of the women sat down to watch her, as she still stood with her strange gaze fixed upon the sea.

Toward morning poor Morris's body was washed up not far from the spot where he had launched the boat. Nelly walked calmly to the place, knelt down, and raising the dead face between her hands, she gazed at it for a time, then smiled, and shaking her head, began talking to him, telling him he ought to have come back to marry her, and not broken her heart. At last, when perfectly exhausted, she laid her head upon his breast and moaned herself into a deep sleep, in which state she was carried away, not to her home, but, by the quiet forethought of the parish priest, to his own cottage beside the chapel—and there Nelly remained. When she recovered, all recollection of Morris's return and their wedding had passed away, and she still watches each sail as she did for the first long months—preparing warmth and comfort for those whom storms may cast upon the shore, and appears to be anxiously awaiting the arrival of some one.

"It's no good contradicting her," said old Tom to me; "and, after all, maybe she's right; for though he was a heretic, sure they were man and wife, and the trouble she's going through may be getting his dear soul out of purgatory."

Morris's relations disputed the right of Nelly to inherit his property. The case was taken through the law-courts and decided in their favor, on the plea that, there having only been a marriage according to Nelly's faith, whereas, he being a Protestant, the Roman Catholic ceremony was not binding in a legal point.

So the Glandore fishermen have not got their long-wished-for Life-boat yet; they can not raise even the £150 or £200 that would purchase it. The Society can not afford to give it without that sum; and although half a dozen wrecks in the winter is no unusual event, no one has come forward among the wealthier neighbors to promote a subscription. Year after year brave fellows are lost attempting to save and help the wrecked—boats are stove in, and whole families reduced to beggary. Yet I never heard one of the poor widows or orphans murmur, save for the loss of the beloved one. "Sure, yer honor," said one poor woman, with the tears trembling in her eyes, "what could Barney do whin the poor creatures were drownin'? I would have gone too, av' I'd been strong enough. There's many a sore heart, no doubt, for the poor things that's wrecked; but there's sorer here, whin we see thim that's the support o' a family drowned tryin' to help thim—an' faith it's little he's thought of elsewhere."

Lieut. Fitz James O'Brien,

U. S. Volunteers.

Died April 6, 1862, Aged 33 Years.

SUCH was the inscription on the coffin in which was borne to Greenwood all that was mortal of one of the most gifted writers of the day, who died in defense of his adopted country. FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN was the only son of an Irish barrister of good family, who died while the boy was young. He rarely spoke of his own early history; but from casual intimations I infer that his boyhood was a singularly happy one. His mother, after many years of widowhood, married again. I have had occasion to see letters from her to other persons, full of the most tender feeling for her son in a distant land; and whenever he had written any thing with which he was specially pleased, he was always eager for early proofs to send to her. "She will be glad to see it," he would say. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but I imagine that his University career was not a brilliant one, measured by academic standards. He carried away small Latin, and less Greek and mathematics; but he must have read largely in general literature and out of the way sciences. He was destined for the law; but choosing literature for a profession, he went to London, while quite young, where he speedily found access to the public, and became a contributor to Dickens's *Household Words*, then in the flush of its early success.

The sudden development of periodical literature in America seemed to open a wider career, and O'Brien came to this country in 1852. Every editor of that period will remember the swarms of English and Irish writers who filled his sanctum. If a man with a notable Cockney or Hibernian accent brought in a specially worthless manuscript, he was sure, by his own account, to be a leading writer for the *Edinburgh* or *Blackwood*, *Fraser* or the *Dublin University*, *Punch*, the *Times*, or *Household Words*—or, quite likely, for all of them; and his articles were eagerly awaited by these publications; but he preferred to publish first in America. "You will be kind enough to decide at once," was the common request; "for if you do not accept, I shall send it by next steamer to Dickens, who will be glad to have it."

Of quite a different order was O'Brien. His brilliant talents were speedily recognized, and he became a valued contributor to the leading periodicals of the time. Of his earlier writings, not a few lovers of poetry still remember "Pallida," and a score of other charming waifs which were sent adrift on the pages of the *Whig Review*; and his subtle appreciative critique of Tennyson's "Maud" in the New York *Times*.

The well-born, well-bred, and accomplished young Irishman was welcomed to the best literary and social circles. Permanent and recognized positions in the press were always at his command, and were at different times held on the *Times*, *Putnam's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, and subsequently, and for a still longer period, upon that brilliant but erratic paper, the *Saturday Press*. But for a while it seems pleasanter to write only what and when one pleases, than to be bound by fixed obligations to furnish so much matter, of a certain kind, at a specified time. O'Brien knew that he could always transmute his fancies into current coin; and freedom was so delightful, and he doubtless flattered himself that his leisure would be spent in accumulating stores of observation and experience for the "Great Work," which, like all young writers, he proposed to accomplish at some future day. So he retained these definite positions but for a short time; and the greater portion of his literary labors are in the shape of isolated contributions to various periodicals.

My own acquaintance with O'Brien dates from the time of his first contributions to *Harper's Magazine*. The earliest of these which I can now identify appeared in November, 1853. From that time until the month before his death, with a few short intermissions, almost every number contained something from his pen. A poem of his, entitled "The Fallen Star," published just seven years after that first contribution, contains, I think, the best description of him as he appeared to me in those bright, early years. I remember well when he read the poem to me. He was a magnificent reader—the only person, in fact, to whose reading of his own poems I was always glad to listen. I copy a few verses which seemed then and now to me to describe O'Brien as I had known him five years before:

"A figure sinewy, lithe, and strong—
A laugh infectious in its glee—
A voice as beautiful as song,
When heard along the sea.

"On me, the man of sombre thought,
The radiance of his friendship won,
As round an autumn tree is wrought
The enchantment of the sun.

* * * * * *

"Thus rearing diamond arches up,
Whereon his future life to build,
He quaffed all day the golden cup
That youthful fancy filled.

"Like fruit upon a southern slope,
He ripened on all natural food,
The winds that thrill the skyey cope,
The sunlight's golden blood.

"And in his talk I oft discerned
A timid music vaguely heard;
The fragments of a song scarce learned,
The essays of a bird."

The whole poem is of wonderful power; and I call to mind how burdened with emotion grew the voice of O'Brien as he read the verses which describe the downward career of this friend so highly gifted—from the leading spirit in wild, bacchanalian orgies down to the poor, shivering mendicant asking alms in the public street. The first part of the poem describes the poet as he was in the glory and freshness of his youth; the latter parts are an imagination of the possible depths to which he might descend. "There," said the Immortal Dreamer, as he saw some poor wretch whipped at the cart-tail—"There goes John Bunyan were it not for preventing grace."

O'Brien's contributions were of various kinds—tales, sketches of life and character, bits of charming descriptions of natural objects, and in later years chiefly poetry. As a mere story-teller I do not rank him very high. Though he wrote not unsuccessfully for the stage, his genius was not dramatic. He had not in a high degree the faculty of creating or portraying character. The persons in his tales are rather embodiments of some delicate thought or quaint fancy than real individuals. His best productions, which take the form of stories, are the development, in strictly analytic form, of some weird speculation in science or philosophy. Of this class there are three which deserve especial mention. They are "The Pot of Tulips," "The Diamond Lens," and "What was It?" The first and the last of these appeared in *Harper's Magazine*; and it was owing to a misapprehension that the other, after having been accepted, was withdrawn and published elsewhere.

The "Pot of Tulips" is based upon Reichenbach's theory of the "Odic Force," in virtue of which the faint simulacra of the dead may hover around the objects in which while living they had some overmastering interest. The plot is wrought out with great skill, the marvelous dénouement being narrated in the most matter-of-fact manner. To the story was appended a postscript, to the effect that any person "who wished further to investigate the subject might have an opportunity of doing so by addressing Harry Escott, care of the Publishers of the *Magazine*." Scores of letters, and not a few personal applications, were received, asking for the means of communicating with Mr. Escott. I remember one young man, who called so often, and was so firmly convinced that in this narrative lay the germs of some great revelation, that I was compelled to tell him that the whole was a pure effort of the imagination. Unfortunately he would not believe me.

Some circumstances gave special notoriety to "The Diamond Lens." The story is founded on the old idea that time and space are mere accidents; that, for instance, a drop of water is a world in itself, and may be peopled with beings who, in the few moments before it evaporates, shall go through the experiences of a human lifetime. O'Brien, in the story, constructs from the diamond a lens of sufficient magnifying power to bring this world within human perception. All the details of the construction of the lens are given with perfect scientific accuracy. The late William North had written a story called "Microcosmus," based upon the same general idea. He had spoken of it to many, though I know of no person excepting myself who has read it; for it was offered to the Magazine. Shortly afterward he committed suicide, and the story, so far as I know, was not found among his papers. Some one charged O'Brien with stealing the "Diamond Lens" from North, slightly altering it, and passing it off for his own. The charge was wholly unfounded. I am confident that he never saw North's story, and I think he never heard of it until after the "Diamond Lens" was published. At all events the two were wholly unlike in every point except the suggesting idea, which has been in writing for two thousand years.

Still more notable is the strange piece, "What was It? A Mystery." The conception of this is, I believe, wholly and absolutely O'Brien's. It is that of a being with body and limbs, endowed with immense vitality and strength, as tangible to the touch as the firmest flesh and bones, yet utterly imperceptible to the sight. This Thing drops into the chamber of Harry Escott, attacks him in his bed with teeth and claws, and after a fierce contest is overpowered and bound by him and his friend. I know nothing in all literature more powerful than the description of the hand-to-hand struggle between the two strong men and this invisible antagonist. The Thing being overpowered is stupefied with chloroform and a plaster cast taken from it, which reveals to the eye all its hideous deformity—"Doré or Callot or Johannot never conceived any thing so horrible!" It was like one of Du Chaillu's gorillas, with all its revolting brutishness exaggerated to the utmost. Meanwhile what was to be done with the monster? Should they kill it, or try to preserve its life? They knew not even the food upon which it lived. There it lay, day after day, invisible to the eye, but, as the tossing of the bed-clothes showed, writhing in the agonies of starvation. At length it died, and they carried it to the garden—as heavy as the corpse of a murdered man, yet as impalpable to the eye as the purest ether—and buried it. The whole conception is gigantic! And yet, why is it not scientifically possible? If there exist things which we can see and not feel, why may not those exist which we can feel and not see?

After all, O'Brien's highest excellence was as a poet, as will be manifest when a collection is made of his various writings. From his contributions to *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly* alone a volume might be selected which the world would not willingly let die. His poems are various in kind. There are some ballads on Classic and Scandinavian themes; but the greater number are thoroughly American in subject and tone; for though of foreign birth and education, he so moulded his genius to the land in which the best years of his life were passed, that he was more thoroughly American than most writers of native birth and training. There are also a number of keen sketches of society; among which I call specially to mind "The Finishing School;" "The Tenement House;" "The Prize Fight"—an indignant protest against the brutalities of the Ring and its backers and abettors; and best of all, "The Sewing Bird," which is worthy of a place beside Hood's "Song of the Shirt." This was one of those which he was particularly anxious to send to his mother. Of the numerous poems in which the gentleness and grace of O'Brien's genius found their best utterance, in verse of exquisite melody, and replete with charming touches of description, I have not space to give even the titles. Of one poem, the noblest of all—the Ode on Kane—I must say a few words:

When the tidings of the death of the Arctic hero reached us O'Brien was asked to write a poem on Kane for the next number of this paper. He set to work at once, but for a time, it appeared, vainly. The thought was there, but it would not shape itself into form. All at once the whole flashed before him in a series of pictures. He saw where—

"Aloft upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.
And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff a simple name is traced;
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But, with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By Want beleaguered and by Winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste."

Then came visions of the burst of welcome which greeted Kane from the whole land—from the deep woods of Maine to "Texas wild and grim;" and of the brave young heart seeking to recover in a sunny clime the vital heat of which it had been robbed by the Arctic winds; and of the solemn end, when,

"Ere the thunders of applause were done,
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late, too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art."

Then came the two magnificent strophes in which are condensed into two-score lines that long tale of peril and self-sacrifice, with the noble choral close:

"No grander episode doth chivalry hold,
In all its annals back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight Elisha Kane."

The poem sprung up as a series of pictures, which were to be disposed in proper order. We went over the proofs as he had arranged them, and agreed that the order was faulty, and should be changed in the types; and so it was done. Early next morning he came to me. "We were wrong," he said; "the poem was right as I had it." I had meanwhile come to the same conclusion, and it was altered back precisely as it stood at first. I have more than once heard the same order suggested in which the poem was placed at the first change. But I am sure that any one who enters fully into its spirit will agree with me that, as it originally stood and now stands, it is perfect in thought, structure, and arrangement.

For two or three years O'Brien wrote comparatively little—almost nothing, indeed, except an occasional poem, and short paragraphs for *Vanity Fair*. The charm of a desultory life had gone, and he was looking forward to continuous effort. He proposed to write a novel of American Life and Society. The plot and characters were arranged, but I do not know whether any progress had been made in the actual composition. Meanwhile he contemplated publishing, in collected form, those of his writings which he thought worthy of preservation. The title which he selected was "*Flotsam and Jetsam*"—Things lost by Shipwreck, or thrown overboard to save the Vessel.

But the impending war of the rebellion changed the current of his purpose. He was by nature a soldier, and he saw before him a new career. He joined the Seventh Regiment, and marched with his company to the capital. To the *Times* he wrote back a spirited account of the march from Annapolis, which is placed in permanent form in Frank Moore's admirable "*Rebellion Record*;" and wrote besides several of the best poems which the war has called forth. When the Seventh returned he endeavored to raise a company for a volunteer regiment; but a thousand obstacles, under which he chafed and fretted, intervened. He then tried, unsuccessfully at first, to obtain a position on some general's staff. At last in January he received a letter from Lander, with the long-desired appointment on his staff; and on the next day he started for Washington.

The last time I saw him was on the evening before his departure. "I have another poem for you," he said. It was the "Soldier's Letter," published in *Harper's Magazine* for March. Reading it now, it seems as though it were written with a dim presentiment of his own fate. It opens in a hopeful strain, and closes abruptly, for the long roll is beating to arms, and he must not be missed from the fight. Then comes a postscript, written by the hand of a comrade:

"That was a sharp skirmish that came as I wrote to you
out on the hill;
We had sharp fighting for a while, and I lost my arm—
There, don't cry, my darling!—it will not kill,
And other poor fellows there met greater harm."

I have not space to detail the events in O'Brien's brief but glorious career as a soldier: How, in the brilliant skirmish at Bloomery Gap, Lander, O'Brien, and two soldiers dashed upon an ambuscade, and captured three officers and eight men:—how O'Brien retained the sword and accoutrements of the rebel captain as trophies—the same trophies which were so soon to be borne upon his own coffin:—how, two days later, February 16, O'Brien headed a body of cavalry which encountered a superior force of the enemy; how he met the rebel leader, when two simultaneous shots were heard; the one fired by O'Brien carried instant death; that which he received pierced his shoulder; but he still rallied his men, and brought off all save himself unharmed. All these belong to history.

O'Brien's wound was not at first thought dangerous. He wrote to his friends that he should be at home in twenty days. But the time passed and he did not come. Then came another letter to his old literary associate of the *Saturday Press*, full of genial humor, but telling a sad story of suffering past, and worse in anticipation:

"I hope to God," he says, "you will never have to go through what I have experienced, and what I am liable to. For the first week of my wound nothing but enormous doses of morphine kept me from going crazy with pain. I had to be kept all day in a lazy, half-slumberous condition, in which I felt like a hot-house plant, dozing and living, and that's all......I left off morphine completely four weeks ago. It was a hard struggle to part with the great consoler......Imagine the 163 pound man you knew cut down to about 120, and so weak that the falling of a book startles him as if it were the bursting of a shell.......The day after to-morrow I am to have a probe put into the wound, and shoved down as far as my elbow, after which they will cut the flesh of the fore-arm open to the bone for six inches in length. So you see I have quite a pleasing prospect before me......The day is lovely. The sun shines on the distant hills. The singing of the birds comes through my window with a grateful sound, as I lie sad, silent, and suffering. Oh, liberty of motion, health, and strength, I never knew what treasures you were till now!"

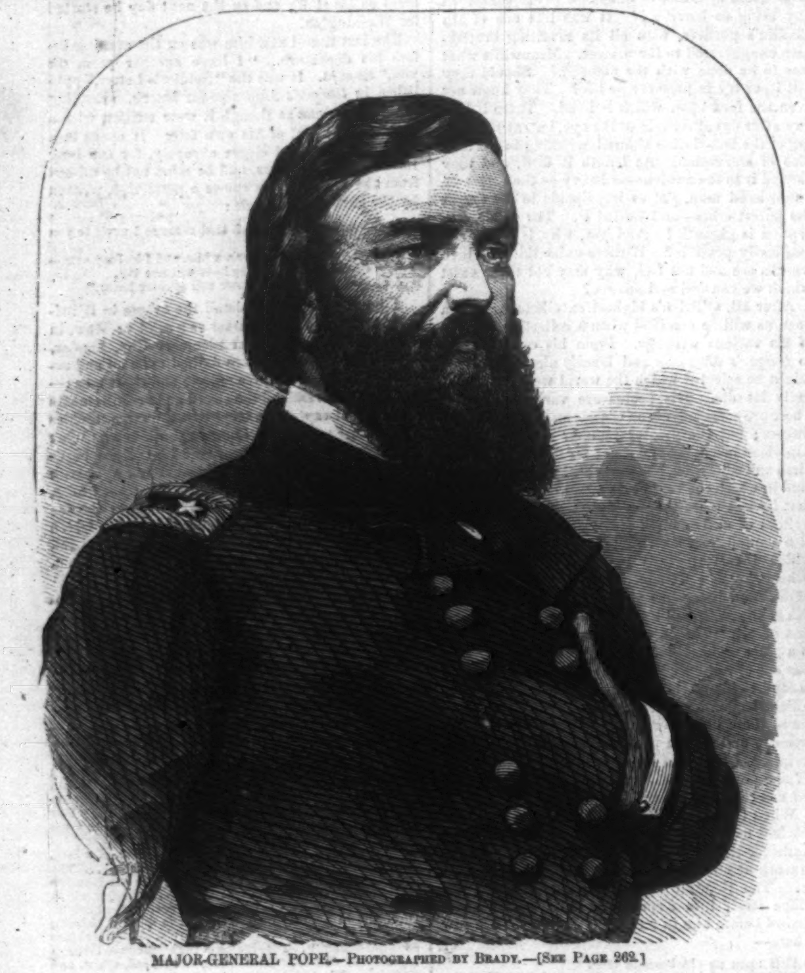
The truth was, the surgeon who had taken charge of the case wholly misunderstood it. He had treated as a simple puncture of the flesh a wound in which the joint at the shoulder had been shattered into a hundred pieces, and the life of the sufferer was slowly suppurating away. The only hope was in the critical surgical operation to which he refers. On the 4th of April his friend Davis received a letter scrawled in pencil by O'Brien announcing the result:

"I gave up the ghost, and told him to go ahead. There were about twelve surgeons to witness the operation. All my shoulder bone and a portion of my upper arm have been taken away. I nearly died. My breath ceased, heart ceased to beat, pulse stopped. However, I got through. I am not yet out of danger from the operation, but a worse disease has set in. I have got tetanus, or lock-jaw. There is a chance of my getting out of it, that's all. In case I don't, good-by, old fellow, with all my love! I don't want to make any legal document, but I desire that you and Frank Wood should be my literary executors, because after I'm dead I may turn out a bigger man than when living. I'd write more if I could, but I'm very weak. Write to me. I may be alive. Also get Wood to write."

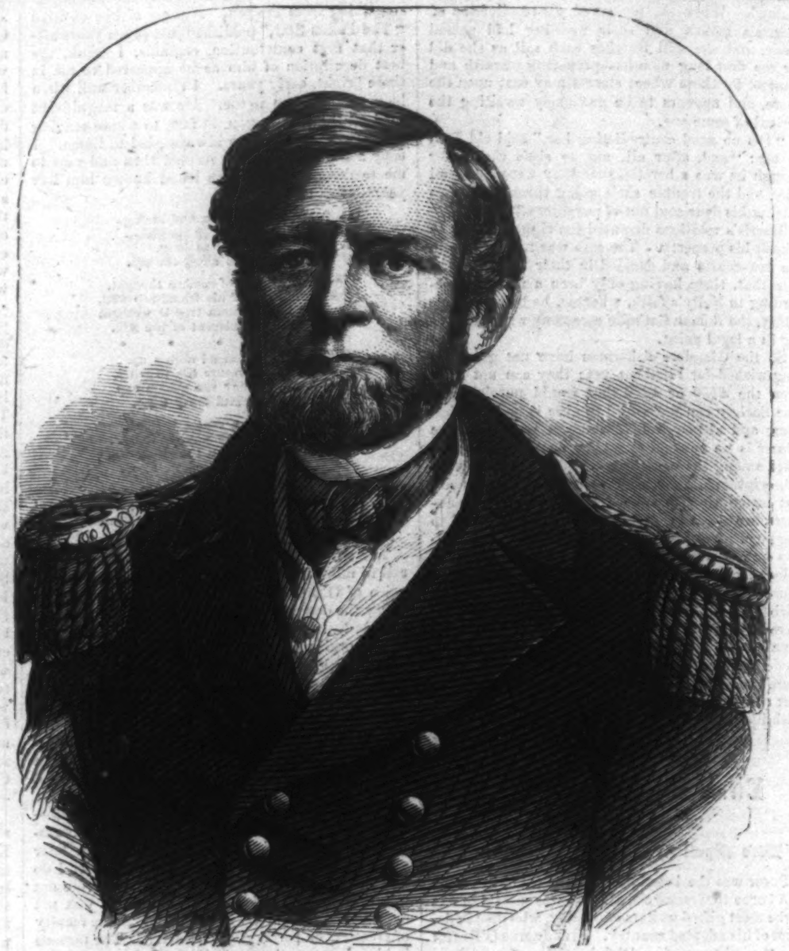
Three of his friends started on the instant. The trains failed to connect at Baltimore. They telegraphed, and received the reply, "O'Brien is very low. He is glad you are coming." They hurried on as soon as possible; but arrived too late. On Sunday morning, the 6th of April, O'Brien seemed a little better, and sat up for a time on the side of his bed. A little nutriment was administered through a syringe. The Doctor asked if he would take a glass of sherry. He said Yes. While slowly sipping it, he turned pale and fell back. Cologne was dashed in his face. But it was too late. His features were set in death. "So died," writes his friend Wood, "at the threshold of a grand career, a great Poet and a brave Soldier—a man of such a kindly and charming nature that he was beloved even by his enemies."

THE "NAUGATUCK."

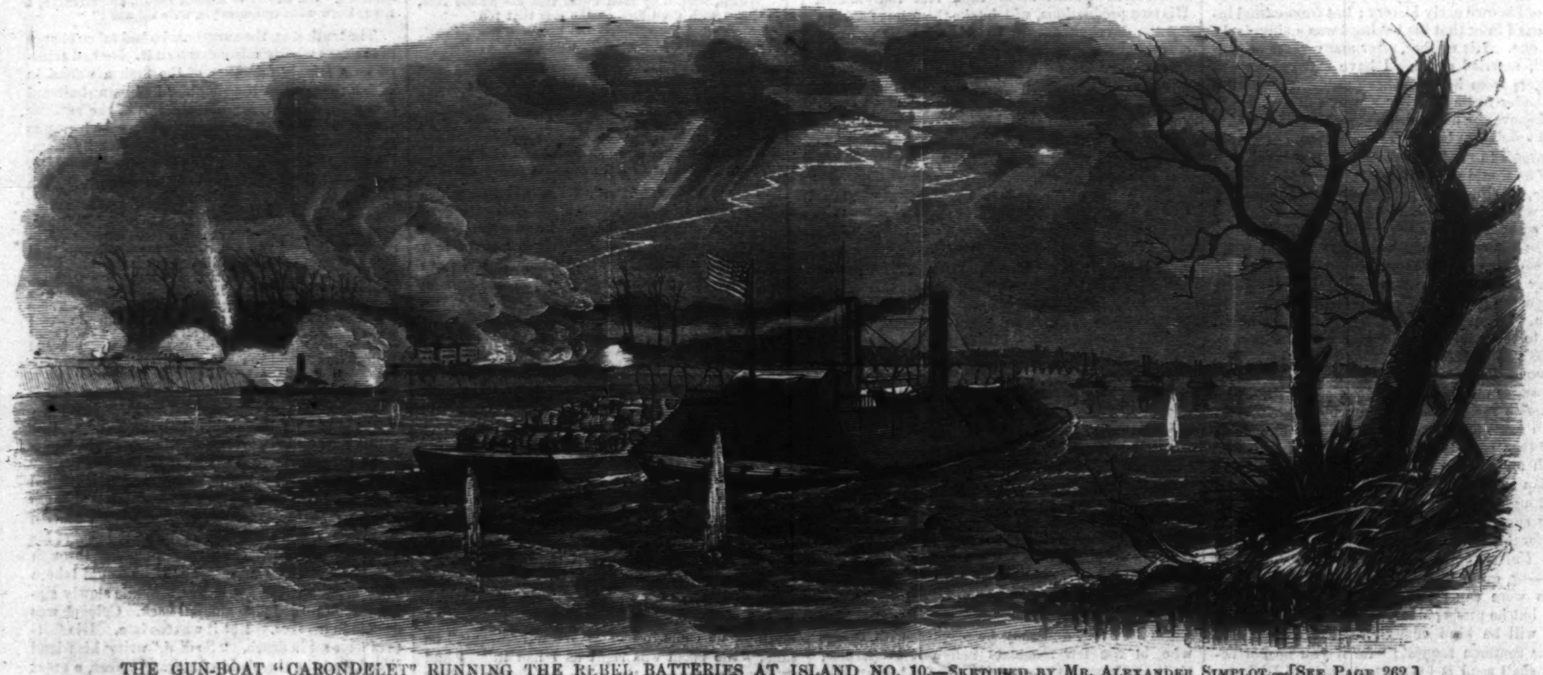
THIS unique little vessel was built at Hoboken by Mr. Stevens, and embodies some of the principles on which his larger battery is built. Just previous to her departure for Fortress Monroe we dispatched an artist to make the sketch which is given on page 262. He makes the following report in regard to her dimensions, build, etc.: Length over all, 101 feet; breadth, including bulwarks, 22 feet; depth of hold, 9 feet. She is constructed in four compartments of about equal size, those at the bow and stern being intended for water, and the midship sections being occupied by the crew's quarters and engine-room. Beneath the deck is another compartment, running the whole length of the vessel, also intended to be filled with water when the vessel is in fighting trim. When this compartment is empty the vessel draws about 4½ feet of water, and when filled—which is done through valves connecting with the larger compartments—she draws within a few inches of 9 feet. Around the vessel bulwarks are constructed of white cedar, 4½ feet in depth, 20 inches thick, and extending 18 inches above the deck. The object of this is to afford buoyancy and protection. Her armament consists of one 100-pounder rifled gun and two 12-pound howitzers The former is so placed as to point forward, and a space in the bow is made to open, through which the fire is delivered, and the opening is at once closed. The gun is loaded on Stevens's principle of lowering the muzzle beneath the deck and loading from below,



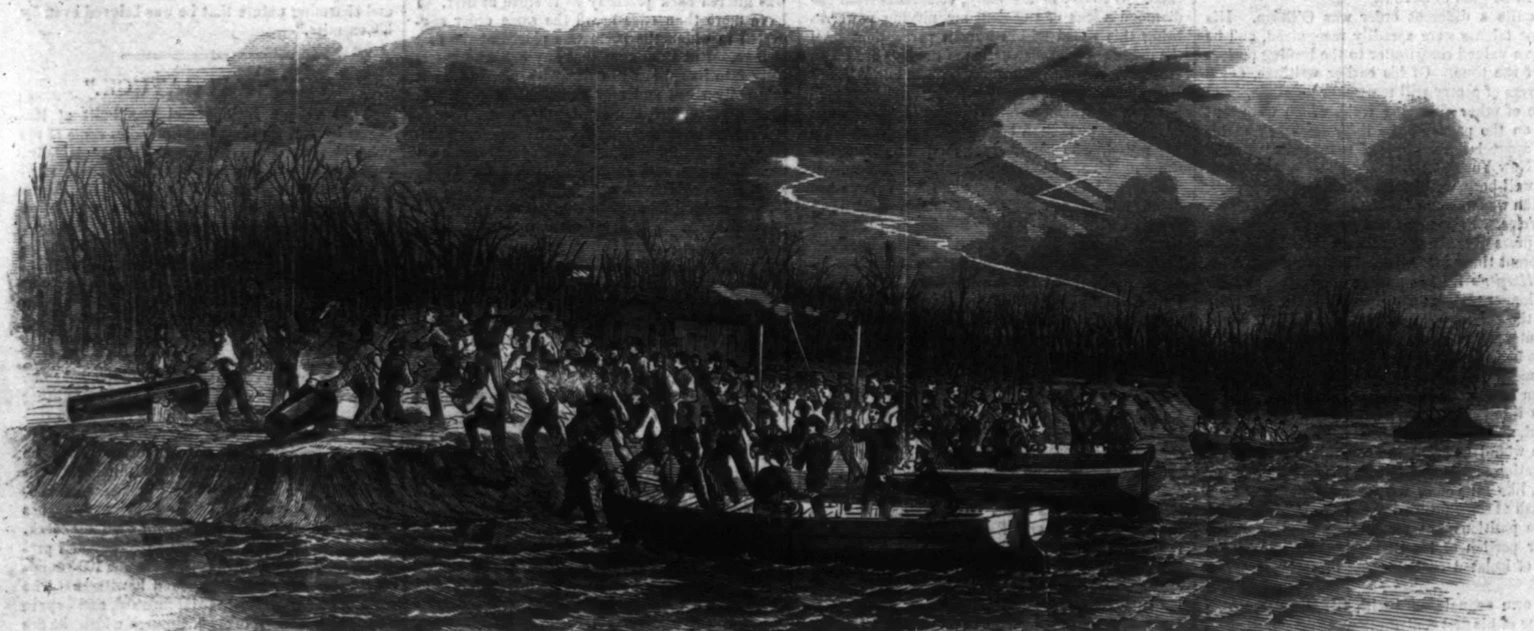
MAJOR-GENERAL POPE.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 262.]



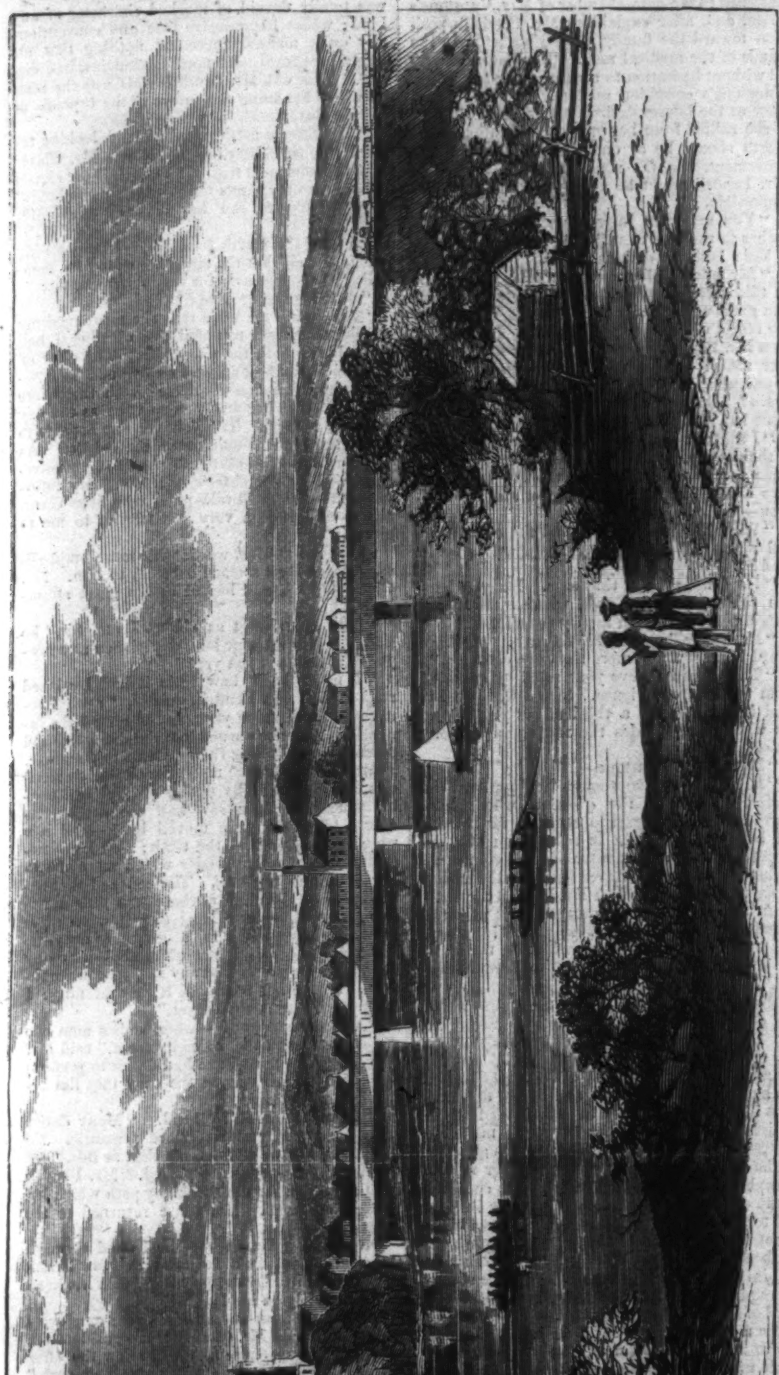
COMMODORE FOOTE.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 262.]



THE GUN-BOAT "CARONDELET" RUNNING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT ISLAND NO. 10.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 262.]



SPIKING THE GUNS IN THE UPPER REBEL BATTERY AT ISLAND NO. 10.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 262.]



THE CITY OF FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

In connection with Major-General M'DOWELL's statement that FREDERICKSBURG has been evacuated by the rebels, we publish herewith a view of the place. The following is a description:

Fredericksburg is the chief town of Spottsylvania County, in Virginia, and is situated on the right bank of the Rappahannock River, at the head of tide-water. It is between fifty and sixty miles from Richmond by railroad, and sixty-five miles by the turnpike, in a northerly direction. Turnpike roads connect it with Falmouth and Newport—the former by a ferry across the Rappahannock—and another turnpike leads through a wilderness to Orange Court House, where a railroad connects it with Gordonsville. The town itself is pleasantly situated in a fertile valley, and has great advantages for commerce and manufactures. The railroad from Washington, *via* Aquia Creek, passed through it, and thereby a large traffic and trade was done previous to the rebellion. As the through trains generally stopped at Fredericksburg Station for about an hour on each trip, a not inconsiderable chance trade was caused thereby in the immediate locality of the dépôt. It is distant from Aquia Creek by railroad about fifteen miles, from which point part of the Potomac River traffic used to be carried to Fredericksburg. A good canal had also been constructed from the town to a point on the Rappahannock River, about forty miles above, by which large quantities of wheat, flour, and tobacco were received for exportation. The river afforded extensive water power, which, however, was not much used. The hills in the neighborhood, varying in height from forty to one hundred feet, abound in fine granite and freestone. About thirty years since the prospect of Fredericksburg being a rapidly rising town was very great; but it suddenly stopped in its prosperity, and after, as it were, standing still for about twenty years, it gradually retrograded in its importance. In 1840 its population numbered nearly four thousand souls; and in 1850, ten years after, it had only increased eighty-eight persons—less than nine each year, and being about two per cent. in a decade—a remarkably small increase. Before the rebellion it contained five churches, one orphan asylum, two seminaries, four newspaper offices, and two banks.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

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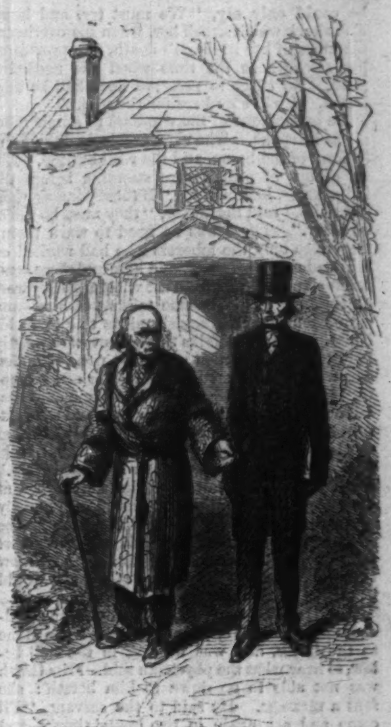
CHAPTER XI.

THE sun sank lower; the western breeze floated cool and fresh into the house. As the evening advanced the cheerful ring of the village clock came nearer and nearer. Field and flower-garden felt the influence of the hour, and shed their sweetest fragrance. The birds in Norah's aviary sunned themselves in the evening stillness, and sang their farewell gratitude to the dying day.

Staggered in its progress for a time only, the pitiless routine of the house went horribly on its daily way. The panic-stricken servants took their blind refuge in the duties proper to the hour. The footman softly laid the table for dinner. The maid sat waiting in senseless doubt, with the hot-water jugs for the bedrooms ranged near her in their customary row. The gardener, who had been ordered to come to his master with vouchers for money that he had paid in excess of his instructions, said his character was dear to him, and left the vouchers at his appointed time. Custom that never yields, and Death that never spares, met on the wreck of human happiness—and Death gave way.

Heavily the thunder-clouds of Affliction had gathered over the house—heavily, but not at their darkest yet. At five that evening the shock of the calamity had struck its blow. Before another hour had passed the disclosure of the husband's sudden death was followed by the suspense of the wife's mortal peril. She lay helpless on her widowed bed; her own life, and the life of her unborn child, trembling in the balance.

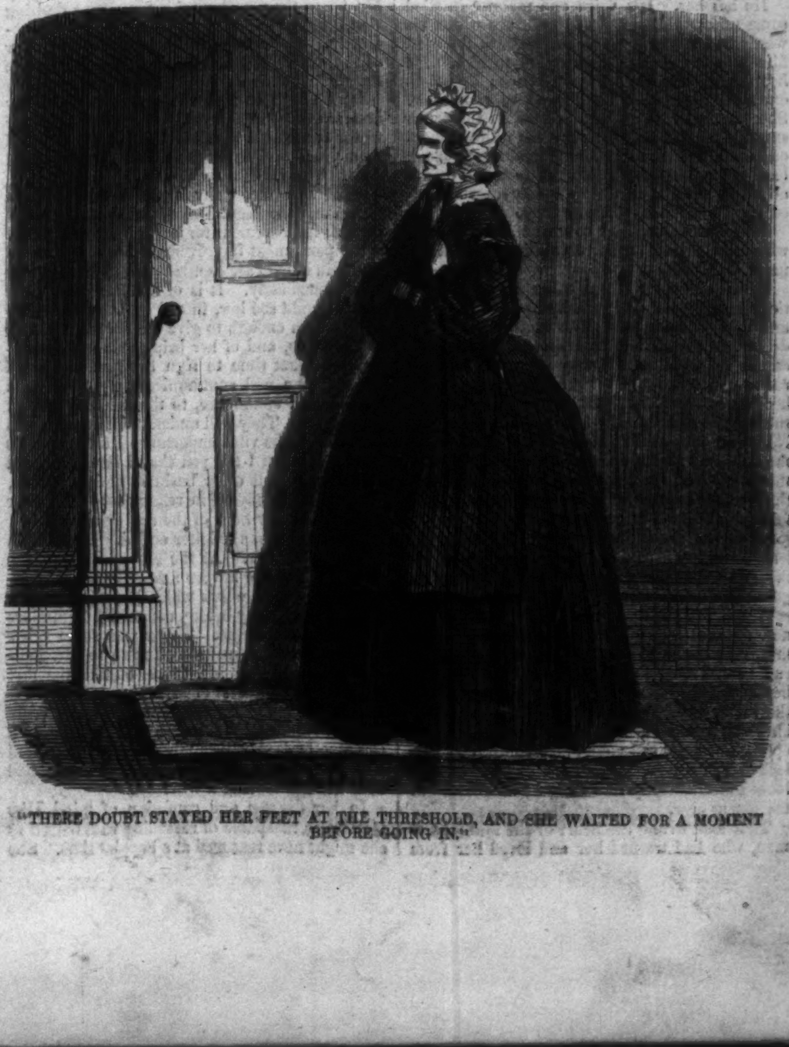


But one mind still held possession of its resources—but one guiding spirit now moved helpfully in the house of mourning.

If Miss Garth's early days had been passed as calmly and as happily as her later life at Combe-Raven she might have sunk under the cruel necessities of the time. But the governess's youth had been tried in the ordeal of family affliction, and she met her terrible duties with the steady courage of a woman who had learned to suffer. Alone she had faced the trial of telling the daughters that they were fatherless. Alone she now struggled to sustain them, when the dreadful certainty of their bereavement was at last impressed on their minds.

Her least anxiety was for the elder sister. The agony of Norah's grief had forced its way outward to the natural relief of tears. It was not so with Magdalen. Tearless and speechless, she sat in the room where the revelation of her father's death had first reached her; her face, unnaturally petrified by the sterile sorrow of old age—a white changeless blank, fearful to look at. Nothing roused, nothing melted her. She only said, "Don't speak to me; don't touch me. Let me bear it by myself!"—and fell silent again. The first great grief which had darkened the sisters' lives had, as it seemed, changed their everyday characters already.

The twilight fell and faded, and the summer night came brightly. As the first carefully-shaded light was kindled in the sick-room the physician who had been summoned from Bristol arrived to consult with the medical attendant of the family. He could give no comfort;



"THERE DOUBT STAYED HER FEET AT THE THRESHOLD, AND SHE WAITED FOR A MOMENT BEFORE GOING IN."

he could only say, "We must try, and hope. The shock which struck her, when she overheard the news of her husband's death, has prostrated her strength at the time when she needed it most. No effort to preserve her shall be neglected. I will stay here for the night."

He opened one of the windows to admit more air as he spoke. The view overlooked the drive in front of the house, and the road outside. Little groups of people were standing before the lodge-gates, looking in. "If those persons make any noise," said the doctor, "they must be warned away." There was no need to warn them: they were only the laborers who had worked on the dead man's property, and here and there some women and children from the village. They were all thinking of him—some talking of him—and it quickened their sluggish minds to look at his house. The gentlefolks thereabout were mostly kind to them (the men said), but none like *him*. The women whispered to each other of his comforting ways when he came into their cottages. "He was a cheerful man, poor soul, and thoughtful of us, too: he never came in and stared at meal-times; the rest of 'em help us, and scold us—all *he* ever said was, better luck next time." So they stood, and talked of him, and looked at his house and grounds, and moved off clumsily by twos and threes, with the dim sense that the sight of his pleasant face would never comfort them again. The dullest head among them knew that night that the hard ways of poverty would be all the harder to walk on now he was gone.

A little later news was brought to the bed-chamber door that old Mr. Clare had come alone to the house, and was waiting in the hall below, to hear what the physician said. Miss Garth was not able to go down to him herself: she sent a message. He said to the servant, "I'll come and ask again in two hours' time"—and went out slowly. Unlike other men in all things else, the sudden death of his old friend had produced no discernible change in him. The feeling implied in the errand of inquiry that had brought him to the house was the one betrayal of human sympathy which escaped the rugged, impenetrable old man.

He came again when the two hours had expired, and this time Miss Garth saw him.

They shook hands in silence. She waited; she nerved herself to hear him speak of his lost friend. No: he never mentioned the dreadful accident, he never alluded to the dreadful death. He said these words: "Is she better, or worse?" and said no more. Was the tribute of his grief for the husband sternly suppressed under the expression of his anxiety for the wife? The nature of the man, unpliably antagonistic to the world and the world's customs, might justify some such interpretation of his conduct as this. He repeated his question, "Is she better, or worse?"

Miss Garth answered him.

"No better; if there is any change it is a change for the worse."

They spoke those words at the window of the morning-room which opened to the garden. Mr. Clare paused after hearing the reply to his inquiry, stepped out on to the walk, then turned on a sudden, and spoke again:

"Has the doctor given her up?" he asked.

"He has not concealed from us that she is in danger. We can only pray for her."

The old man laid his hand on Miss Garth's arm as she answered him, and looked her attentively in the face.

"You believe in prayer?" he said.

Miss Garth drew sorrowfully back from him.

"You might have spared me that question, Sir, at such a time as this."

He took no notice of her answer; his eyes were still fastened on her face.

"Pray," he said, "as you never prayed before, for the preservation of Mrs. Vanstone's life."

He left her. His voice and manner implied some unutterable dread of the future which his words had not confessed. Miss Garth followed him into the garden and called to him. He heard her, but he never turned back; he quickened his pace, as if he desired to avoid her. She watched him across the lawn in the warm summer moonlight. She saw his white withered hands, saw them suddenly against the black back-ground of the shrubbery, raised and wrung above his head. They dropped—the trees shrouded him in darkness—he was gone.

Miss Garth went back to the suffering woman with the burden on her mind of one anxiety more.

It was then past eleven o'clock. Some little time had elapsed since she had seen the sisters and spoken to them. The inquiries she addressed to one of the female servants only elicited the information that they were both in their rooms. She delayed her return to the mother's bedside to say her parting words of comfort to the daughters before she left them for the night. Norah's room was the nearest. She softly opened the door and looked in. The kneeling figure by the bedside told her that God's help had found the fatherless daughter in her affliction. Grateful tears gathered in her eyes as she looked: she softly closed the door, and went on to Magdalen's room. There doubt stayed her feet at the threshold, and she waited for a moment before going in.

A sound in the room caught her ear—the monotonous rustling of a woman's dress, now distant, now near; passing without cessation from end to end over the floor—a sound which told her that Magdalen was pacing to and fro in the secrecy of her own chamber. Miss Garth knocked. The rustling ceased; the door was opened, and the sad young face confronted her, locked in its cold despair; the large light eyes looked mechanically into hers, as vacant and as tearless as ever.

That look wrung the heart of the faithful woman, who had trained her and loved her from a child. She took Magdalen tenderly in her arms.

"Oh, my love," she said, "no tears yet! Oh, if I could see you as I have seen Norah! Speak to me, Magdalen—try if you can speak to me!"

She tried, and spoke:

"Norah," she said, "feels no remorse. He was not serving Norah's interests when he went to his death: he was serving mine."

With that terrible answer she put her cold lips to Miss Garth's cheek.

"Let me bear it by myself," she said, and gently closed the door.

Again Miss Garth waited at the threshold, and again the sound of the rustling dress passed to and fro—now far, now near—to and fro with a cruel, mechanical regularity that chilled the warmest sympathy and daunted the boldest hope.

The night passed. It had been agreed, if no change for the better showed itself by the morning, that the London physician whom Mrs. Vanstone had consulted some months since should be summoned to the house on the next day. No change for the better appeared, and the physician was sent for.

As the morning advanced Frank came to make inquiries from the cottage. Had Mr. Clare intrusted to his son the duty which he had personally performed on the previous day, through reluctance to meet Miss Garth again after what he had said to her? It might be so. Frank could throw no light on the subject; he was not in his father's confidence. He looked pale and bewildered. His first inquiries after Magdalen showed how his weak nature had been shaken by the catastrophe. He was not capable of framing his own questions: the words faltered on his lips, and the ready tears came into his eyes. Miss Garth's heart warmed to him for the first time. Grief has this that is noble in it—it accepts all sympathy, come whence it may. She encouraged the lad by a few kind words, and took his hand at parting.

Before noon Frank returned with a second message. His father desired to know whether Mr. Pendril was not expected at Combe-Raven on that day. If the lawyer's arrival was looked for, Frank was directed to be in attendance at the station, and to take him to the cottage, where a bed would be placed at his disposal. This message took Miss Garth by surprise. It showed that Mr. Clare had been made acquainted with his dead friend's purpose of sending for Mr. Pendril. Was the old man's thoughtful offer of hospitality another indirect expression of the natural human distress which he perversely concealed? or was he aware of some secret necessity for Mr. Pendril's presence, of which the bereaved family had been kept in total ignorance? Miss Garth was too heart-sick and hopeless to dwell on either question. She told Frank that Mr. Pendril had been expected at three o'clock, and sent him back with her thanks.

Shortly after his departure, such anxieties on Magdalen's account as her mind was now able to feel were relieved by better news than her last night's experience had inclined her to hope for. Norah's influence had been exerted to rouse her sister, and Norah's patient sympathy had set the prisoned grief free. Magdalen had suffered severely—suffered inevitably, with such a nature as hers—in the effort that relieved her. The healing tears had not come gently; they had burst from her with a torturing, passionate vehemence; but Norah had never left her till the struggle was over and the calm had come. These better tidings encouraged Miss Garth to withdraw to her own room, and to take the rest which she needed sorely. Worn out in body and mind, she slept from sheer exhaustion—slept heavily and dreamlessly for some hours. It was between three and four in the afternoon when she was roused by one of the female servants. The woman had a note in her hand—a note left by Mr. Clare the younger, with a message desiring that it might be delivered to Miss Garth immediately. The name written in the lower corner of the envelope was "William Pendril." The lawyer had arrived.

Miss Garth opened the note. After a few first sentences of sympathy and condolence the writer announced his arrival at Mr. Clare's, and then proceeded, apparently in his professional capacity, to make a very startling request.

"If," he wrote, "any change for the better in Mrs. Vanstone should take place—whether it is only an improvement for the time, or whether it is the permanent improvement for which we all hope—in either case I entreat you to let me know of it immediately. It is of the last importance that I should see her, in the event of her gaining strength enough to give me her attention for five minutes, and of her being able at the expiration of that time to sign her name. May I beg that you will communicate my request, in the strictest confidence, to the medical men in attendance. They will understand, and you will understand, the vital importance I attach to this interview, when I tell you that I have arranged to defer to it all other business claims on me, and that I hold myself in readiness to obey your summons at any hour of the day or night."

In those terms the letter ended. Miss Garth read it twice over. At the second reading, the request which the lawyer now addressed to her, and the farewell words which had escaped Mr. Clare's lips the day before, connected themselves vaguely in her mind. There was some other serious interest in suspense, known to Mr. Pendril and known to Mr. Clare, besides the first and foremost interest of Mrs. Vanstone's recovery. Whom did it affect? The children? Were they threatened by some new calamity which their mother's signature might avert? What did it mean? Did it mean that Mr. Vanstone had died without leaving a will?

In her distress and confusion of mind Miss Garth was incapable of reasoning with herself as she might have reasoned at a happier time. She hastened to the ante-chamber of Mrs. Vanstone's room, and, after explaining Mr. Pendril's position toward the family, placed his letter in the hands of the medical men. They both answered without hesitation to the same purpose. Mrs. Vanstone's condition rendered any such interview as the lawyer desired a total impossibility. If she rallied from her present prostration, Miss Garth should be at once informed of the improvement. In the mean time, the answer to Mr. Pendril might be conveyed in one word—Impossible.

"You see what importance Mr. Pendril attaches to the interview?" said Miss Garth.

Yes: both the doctors saw it.

"My mind is lost and confused, gentlemen, in this dreadful suspense. Can you either of you guess why the signature is wanted? or what the object of the interview may be? I have only seen Mr. Pendril when he has come here on former visits: I have no claim to justify me in questioning him. Will you look at the letter again? Do you think it implies that Mr. Vanstone has never made a will?"

"I think it can hardly imply that," said one of the doctors. "But, even supposing Mr. Vanstone to have died intestate, the law takes due care of the interests of his widow and his children—"

"Would it do so," interposed the other medical man, "if the property happened to be in land?"

"I am not sure in that case. Do you happen to know, Miss Garth, whether Mr. Vanstone's property was in money or in land?"

"In money," replied Miss Garth. "I have heard him say so on more than one occasion."

"Then I can relieve your mind by speaking from my own experience. The law, if he has died intestate, gives a third of his property to his widow, and divides the rest equally among his children."

"But if Mrs. Vanstone—?"

"If Mrs. Vanstone should die," pursued the doctor, completing the question which Miss Garth had not the heart to conclude for herself, "I believe I am right in telling you that the property would, as a matter of legal course, go to the children. Whatever necessity there may be for the interview which Mr. Pendril requests, I can see no reason for connecting it with the question of Mr. Vanstone's presumed intestacy. But by all means put the question, for the satisfaction of your own mind, to Mr. Pendril himself."

Miss Garth withdrew to take the course which the doctor advised. After communicating to Mr. Pendril the medical decision which, thus far, refused him the interview that he sought, she added a brief statement of the legal question she had put to the doctors, and hinted delicately at her natural anxiety to be informed of the motives which had led the lawyer to make his request. The answer she received was guarded in the extreme: it did not impress her with a favorable opinion of Mr. Pendril. He confirmed the doctors' interpretation of the law in general terms only; expressed his intention of waiting at the cottage, in the hope that a change for the better might yet enable Mrs. Vanstone to see him; and closed his letter without the slightest explanation of his motives, and without a word of reference to the question of the existence or the non-existence of Mr. Vanstone's will.

The marked caution of the lawyer's reply dwelt uneasily on Miss Garth's mind, until the long-expected event of the day recalled all her thoughts to her one absorbing anxiety on Mrs. Vanstone's account.

Early in the evening the physician from London arrived. He watched long by the bedside of the suffering woman; he remained longer still in consultation with his medical brethren; he went back again to the sick-room, before Miss Garth could prevail on him to communicate to her the opinion at which he had arrived.

When he came out into the ante-chamber for the second time he silently took a chair by her side. She looked in his face, and the last faint hope died in her before he opened his lips.

"I must speak the hard truth," he said, gently. "All that *can* be done *has* been done. The next four-and-twenty hours, at most, will end your suspense. If Nature makes no effort in that time—I grieve to say it—you must prepare yourself for the worst."

Those words said all: they were prophetic of the end.

The night passed, and she lived through it. The next day came, and she lingered on till the clock pointed to five. At that hour the tidings of her husband's death had dealt the mortal blow. When the hour came round again, the mercy of God let her go to him in the better world. Her daughters were kneeling at the bedside as her spirit passed away. She left them unconscious of their presence, mercifully and happily insensible to the pang of the last farewell.

Her child survived her till the evening was on the wane, and the sunset was dim in the quiet western heaven. As the darkness came, the light of the frail little life—faint and feeble from the first—flickered and went out. All that was earthly of mother and child lay that night on the same bed. The Angel of Death had done his awful bidding, and the two Sisters were left alone in the world.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLIER than usual, on the morning of Thursday, the twenty-third of July, Mr. Clare appeared at the door of his cottage, and stepped out into the little strip of garden attached to his residence.

After he had taken a few turns backward and forward alone, he was joined by a spare, quiet, gray-haired man, whose personal appearance was totally devoid of marked character of any kind; whose inexpressive face and conventionally quiet manner presented nothing that attracted approval, and nothing that inspired dislike. This was Mr. Pendril—this was the man on whose lips hung the future of the orphans at Combe-Raven.

"The time is getting on," he said, looking toward the shrubbery, as he joined Mr. Clare. "My appointment with Miss Garth is for eleven o'clock: it only wants ten minutes of the hour."

"Are you to see her alone?" asked Mr. Clare.

"I left Miss Garth to decide—after warning her first of all that the circumstances I am compelled to disclose are of a very serious nature."

"And *has* she decided?"

"She writes me word that she mentioned my appointment, and repeated the warning I had given her to both the daughters. The elder of the two shrinks—and who can wonder at it?—from any discussion connected with the future which requires her presence so soon as the day after the funeral. The younger one appears to have expressed no opinion on the subject. As I understand it, she suffers herself to be passively guided by her sister's example. My interview, therefore, will take place with Miss Garth alone—and it is a very great relief to me to know it."

He spoke the last words with more emphasis and energy than seemed habitual to him. Mr. Clare stopped, and looked at his guest attentively.

"You are almost as old as I am, Sir," he said. "Has all your long experience as a lawyer not hardened you yet?"

"I never knew how little it had hardened me," replied Mr. Pendril, quietly, "until I returned from London yesterday to attend the funeral. I was not warned that the daughters had resolved on following their parents to the grave. I think their presence made the closing scene of this dreadful calamity doubly painful, and doubly touching. You saw how the great concourse of people were moved by it—and *they* were in ignorance of the truth; *they* knew nothing of the cruel necessity which takes me to the house this morning. The sense of that necessity—and the sight of those poor girls at the time, when I felt my hard duty toward them most painfully—shook me as a man of my years and my way of life is not often shaken by any distress in the present, or any suspense in the future. I have not recovered it this morning: I hardly feel sure of myself yet."

"A man's composure—when he is a man like you—comes with the necessity for it," said Mr. Clare. "You must have had duties to perform as trying in their way as the duty that lies before you this morning."

Mr. Pendril shook his head. "Many duties as serious; many stories more romantic. No duty so trying, no story so hopeless as this."

With those words they parted. Mr. Pendril left the garden for the shrubbery path which led to Combe-Raven. Mr. Clare returned to the cottage.

On reaching the passage he looked through the open door of his little parlor, and saw Frank sitting there in idle wretchedness, with his head resting wearily on his hand.

"I have had an answer from your employers in London," said Mr. Clare. "In consideration of what has happened, they will allow the offer they made you to stand over for another month."

Frank changed color, and rose nervously from his chair.

"Are my prospects altered?" he asked. "Are Mr. Vanstone's plans for me not to be carried out? He told Magdalen his will had provided for her. She repeated his words to me; she said I ought to know all that his goodness and generosity had done for both of us. How can his death make a change? Has any thing happened?"

"Wait till Mr. Pendril comes back from Combe-Raven," said his father. "Question him; don't question me."

The ready tears rose in Frank's eyes.

"You won't be hard on me?" he pleaded faintly. "You won't expect me to go back to London without seeing Magdalen first?"

Mr. Clare looked thoughtfully at his son, and considered a little, before he replied.

"You may dry your eyes," he said. "You shall see Magdalen before you go back."

He left the room after making that reply, and withdrew to his study. The books lay ready to his hand, as usual. He opened one of them, and set himself to read in the customary manner. But his attention wandered, and his eyes strayed away from time to time to the empty chair opposite—the chair in which his old friend and gossip had sat and wrangled with him good-humoredly for many and many a year past. After a struggle with himself he closed the book. "Damn the chair!" he said: "it *will* talk of him, and I must listen." He reached down his pipe from the wall, and mechanically filled it with tobacco. His hand shook, his eyes wandered back to the old place, and a heavy sigh came from him unwillingly. That empty chair was the only earthly argument for which he had no answer: his heart owned its defeat, and moistened his eyes in spite of him. "He has got the better of me at last," said the rugged old man. "There is one weak place left in me still, and *he* has found it."

Meanwhile Mr. Pendril entered the shrubbery, and followed the path which led to the lonely garden and the desolate house. He was met at the door by the man-servant, who was apparently waiting in expectation of his arrival.

"I have an appointment with Miss Garth. Is she ready to see me?"

"Quite ready, Sir."

"Is she alone?"

"Yes, Sir."

"In the room which was Mr. Vanstone's study?"

"In that room, Sir."

The servant opened the door, and Mr. Pendril went in.

THE DOUBLE ROBBERY.

Toward the close of the last century Northumberland and the border were terribly infested by those—to the bucolic mind—particularly obnoxious specimens of the *genus* thief known as "rievers," or "lifters" of cattle.

Almost all the rascals who followed this not unlucrative profession trusted chiefly to mere brute force to carry out successfully their nefarious schemes. There was, however, one exception to this rule to be found in the person of a celebrated freebooter, known as "Dickey of Kingswood." This worthy openly expressed his disapprobation of his rivals' vulgar mode of following their profession, and repeatedly boasted that he could achieve twice as much by his cunning as they could by their brute force. Nor was this assertion of his mere empty boasting—far from it.

In a few years' time Dickey's name became the terror of the country-side. No farmer felt secure when he retired to rest at night that his cattle might not have vanished ere morning. So cleverly, moreover, were all Dickey's enterprises conducted, that no man could ever succeed in making personal acquaintance with him. He openly set justice at defiance, and laughed at the futile efforts of the law to punish him. Perhaps, however, the best way to illustrate the adroitness and good luck which characterized all Dickey's proceedings will be for me to relate the story of one of his exploits.

It appears, then, that during the course of his peregrinations through Northumberland, one fine afternoon, Dickey's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a pair of fine oxen which were quietly grazing in a field near Denton Burn, a village distant three miles from Newcastle.

Determined to possess them, Dickey hung about the place till nightfall, watched where the animals were driven to, and—his usual good fortune assisting him—speedily secured his prize. He also contrived, by the exercise of his accustomed cunning, to leave such traces behind him as made the owner of the oxen certain that the freebooter had made off toward the Tweed. Thither he accordingly proceeded in hot haste. In the interim, however, Dickey had lost no time in "making tracks" toward the west country, and so expeditious were his movements that in a short time he reached Lanercost, in Cumberland. Here he fell in with an old farmer on horseback, who, being delighted with the appearance of the oxen, forthwith purchased them.

Dickey was of course rejoiced at getting rid so pleasantly of a charge which could not fail to be troublesome—nay, possibly, dangerous—to him longer to retain. The farmer, moreover, was mounted upon a splendid mare, which Dickey, with his peculiar ideas on the subject of *meum* and *tuum*, at once resolved, by fair means or foul, to secure. He therefore willingly accepted the farmer's hospitable invitation to accompany him to his house in order that they might "crack" a bottle of wine in honor of their bargain. Presently Dickey inquired of the farmer if he would sell him his mare?

"Sell you my mare!" exclaimed his host, all aghast at this proposition. "Sell my mare! No, thank you! Why, there's not her equal in the whole north country!"

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Musgrave," responded Dickey; "and from what I saw of her paces this morning, I am quite of your opinion that there's not her equal within a hundred miles of us; but," added the obsequious Dick, "since you will not sell her, I can only wish you long life and good health to enjoy her."

This sentiment was of course duly honored in a bumper.

"I hope, Mr. Musgrave," next observed Dickey, "that you keep a close look-out after your stable-door, because now, when that confounded rascal Dickey of Kingswood is allowed to be at liberty, a man can not be sure but that any fine morning he may find his stable empty."

"Stable! ha! ha!" chuckled the farmer. "I think," he continued, "that Dickey of Kingswood would find it rather difficult to steal *my* mare out of *her* stable!"

"Indeed! where may her stable be situated?" inquired Dickey.

"Her stable! God bless you, Sir!" answered Mr. Musgrave, "her stable is in my bedroom! I'm a bachelor, and so every night I fasten her to my bedpost. I have had a manger put up for her in the room, and no music is so pleasant to me as to hear her grinding her corn all night by my bedside."

Dickey was astounded—as well he might be—at such unheard-of precautions; but disguising his astonishment, he contented himself by simply expressing to the farmer his hearty approval of the means he adopted to secure the safety of his favorite.

"I suppose you have a good lock upon your bedroom door?" was Dickey's next "feeler."

"Come with me, and I will show it you," replied the unsuspecting farmer.

This was of course just what Dickey wanted. He examined the lock carefully, and soon satisfied himself that he could pick it without much difficulty. He, however, declared to Mr. Musgrave that it was "just the right sort of lock;" "it couldn't have been better, in fact;" "it was quite non-pickable," etc.

Again the loving cup passed round, and after draining a bumper to their "next merry meeting" Dickey departed.

The old farmer, after his guest's leave-taking had been completed, carefully went the rounds of his house, locking doors and closing windows with all due precaution. He then, as usual, tied his mare to her accustomed post, retired to bed, and was soon lulled to sleep by the sound of his favorite's grinding her corn.

So the night wore away. Presently, as the first gray streaks of day began to appear, Mr. Musgrave awoke, and feeling very cold and chilly, looked round to ascertain the cause. To his astonishment, he found that all the coverlets had been taken off his bed, and that his blankets had been spread out upon the floor. For what purpose? thought Mr. Musgrave. Was he the victim of some horrible nightmare, or was he really awake? Mechanically his eye glanced to the spot where his mare should have been. She was not there! She was gone—stolen! During the night some daring thief had broken into the farm-house, had picked the lock on the door of the bedroom, had spread the blankets over the floor, so that the hoofs of the mare should make no noise, and had thus triumphantly made off with his prize.

Of course Mr. Musgrave roused his household, and commenced a vigorous search after the thief. It was useless. The despoiler had left no traces behind him, and so Mr. Musgrave was obliged to return home disconsolate, and to content himself with venting curses—neither few nor far between—upon the thief.

In the mean time our friend Dickey—for his was the deed—was comfortably mounted upon Mr. Musgrave's favorite mare, and was every moment increasing the distance between her outraged owner and himself. So great was the speed of the mare, that by break of day Dickey felt himself secure from pursuit. He had directed his steps to the eastward, and while crossing Haltwhistle Fell, whom should he encounter but the veritable owner of the oxen he had stolen two or three days before, and had just sold to Mr. Musgrave!

Dickey knew the owner of the oxen well, but, luckily for the freebooter, that injured individual did not know *him*. He therefore accosted Dickey, and inquired if he had seen any oxen in the course of his travels similar to those which he described himself to Dick as being in search of.

"Why to be sure I have!" replied Dickey; "with the very same marks as you describe, grazing in Mr. Musgrave's fields at Lanercost, only yesterday. I was rather struck," he continued, "by their appearance, and learned, on inquiry, from one of his servants, that Mr. Musgrave had purchased them just yesterday. Undoubtedly the oxen are yours. I would advise you to go to Lanercost at once and claim them."

"Certainly I will," replied the other. "But I am knocked up with walking, and it is a long way to Lanercost. I see you ride a good beast. Will you sell her?"

After some hard bargaining, terms were agreed upon, the purchase money was paid down on the spot, and Dickey and the farmer separated: the farmer to seek his stolen oxen, actually from the very owner of the stolen mare he was himself riding, while Dickey proceeded "where he listed."

The next day the farmer reached Lanercost, and, of course, at once recognized his own oxen grazing in the field. He forthwith rode up to an elderly man standing near, whom he judged to be the owner of the field, and exclaimed,

"I say, friend, those are my oxen in your field! How may you have come by them?"

"And I'll be d—d," replied the other (after taking a long, astonished look at the animal on which his questioner was mounted), "if that's not my mare you are riding! How may you have come by *her*, pray?"

Each of course described the person from whom they had respectively purchased the oxen and the mare; and when this was done, they discovered that they had indeed been "sold" by a rogue of no common order.

So laughable, however, did the joke appear—even to those who had to "pay the piper" in the affair—that neither party could prevent breaking out into a peal of merriment when the particulars were fully disclosed.

It was now clear that the only way to settle the affair was for each party to take back his own property. Mr. Musgrave was of course overjoyed at the recovery of his favorite mare; and the Denton Burn farmer being equally delighted at the recovery of his favorite oxen, it fell out that, in the general burst of rejoicing, Dickey was allowed to quietly pocket the sale money of both mare and oxen.

Whether Dickey ultimately came to an untimely end, or whether he reformed his ways, and died, duly "shrived," in his own bed, history telleth not.

Certain it is, however, that to this day his deeds are "household words" in many parts of Northumberland, and the mention of his name among the peasantry is considered synonymous with "cuteness."

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Assets.

United States, 6 per cent. Stock	$ 19,250 00	
New York State, 5 and 6 per cent. Stock	115,500 00	
New York City, 6 per cent. Stock	25,000 00	
Cash loaned on collateral	500 00	
" in hand and in Bank	10,846 76	
" in hands of Agents	8,035 93	
All other investments	54,401 36	
Office Furniture	494 17	
Interest accrued	315 00	
		$234,343 22

Liabilities.

Losses ascertained and unpaid	2,054 20	
All other claims	1,406 94	3,461 14
Net Assets		$230,882 08

*** Note.—The above statement shows the condition of the United States Branch alone. The total available Assets of the Company, including its English Securities, amount to
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